



No. 646.—Vol. L.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

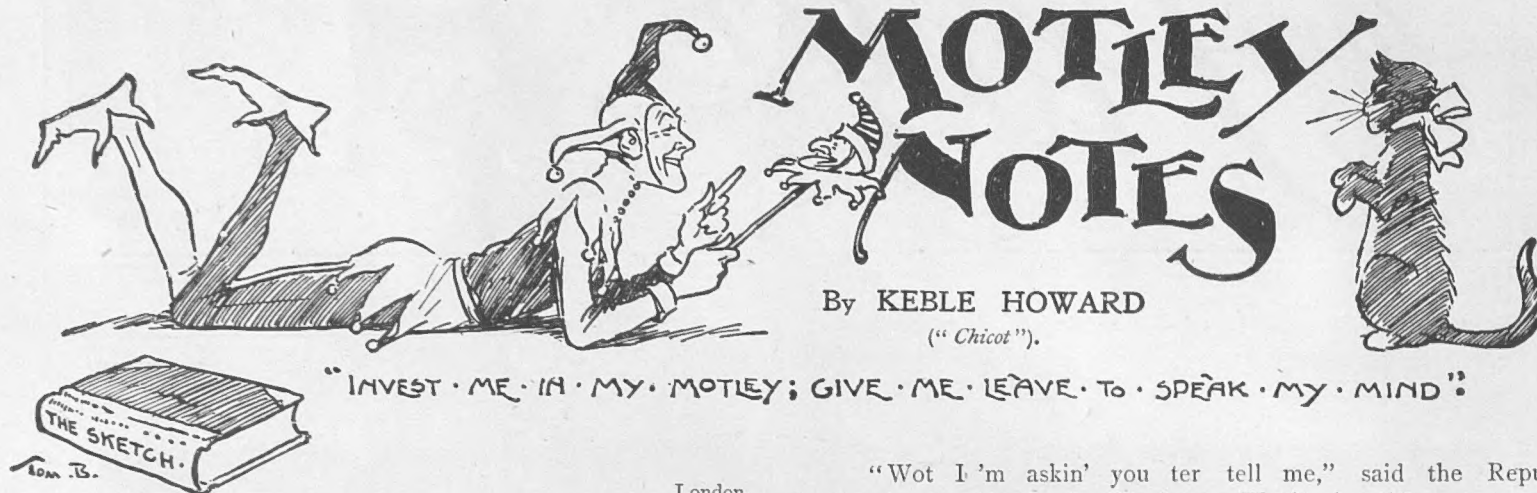


[Photograph by Reutlinger.

TO-MORROW'S ROYAL WEDDING: THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES, PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.

Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus, who to-morrow allies himself with the Royal House of Great Britain, was born at Stockholm on Nov. 11, 1882. He is the eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden. Princess Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah was born in the same year as Prince Gustavus and is the eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught.





London.

IS there anything more delightful than a really wet day in early summer? I mean the sort of day when the sky is a dull, even grey from east to west, and the rain falls steadily from daybreak to nightfall. The sight of falling rain is deliciously refreshing to tired eyes, just as the sound of it, drenching down through green leaves on to sullen, sodden turf, is a melody that falls soothingly on jaded ears. It is difficult, I admit, to appreciate a rainy day in all its beauty when one happens to be in London. A network of telegraph-wires is less picturesque than a tent of foliage, and a muddy pavement is a poor substitute for old turf. Yet I cannot help thinking that Londoners are apt to overdo their grumbling when the June sun chooses to retire for forty-eight hours behind an opaque curtain of rain-clouds. After all, most people of importance—and their name is Legion—take uncommonly good care not to make themselves too “cheap,” and why should the sun be the only exception? Even the little that we have seen of him this year has been sufficient excuse for peevishness on the part of some of us. “Isn’t it beastly hot!” I heard people exclaiming during those perfect hours of sunshine at the beginning of the month. And these were the very people who, directly the rain came, shrugged their shoulders and called down curses on the English climate.

It was a Sunday afternoon, and the Embankment Gardens lay listless and almost deserted. A policeman yawned, strolled a few paces, halted, and yawned again. A pallid young woman sitting on a bench stared gloomily at the asphalt. Three or four small children, having tried very hard to amuse themselves with a stick, a stone, and a piece of string, abandoned the effort and began to quarrel. A tired housemaid, leaning from an upper window of the Hôtel Cecil, gazed yearningly in the direction of the Crystal Palace and wondered whether Alfred was really true to her. An old-fashioned steamboat, crowded with disillusioned pleasure-seekers, drifted alongside Charing Cross pier and then waddled away again. The whole formed a typically dreary, forlorn, enervating picture of the English Sabbath. . . . Suddenly there was a crash of music. It was six o’clock, and the band, the blessed band, had arrived. They broke into an exhilarating march, and the effect was magical. The policeman squared his shoulders, tucked in his chin, and beat time with his gloves, tapping them against his trousers. The pallid young woman jumped up, and hastened to find another bench quite near the band-stand. The children left their quarrel in a state of indecision, and ran, as fast as their little legs would take them, towards the music. The tired housemaid forgot to yearn, and, quite probably, forgot all about Alfred. And the people on the old-fashioned steamboat seriously endangered their lives by rushing, helter-skelter, to the side nearer the Embankment Gardens. The County Council, or whatever body is responsible for this Sunday music in public places, has thereby wiped out many and many a sin, whether of omission or commission.

In appearance they were almost exactly alike. Both were short, both were pale, both possessed tiny moustaches, both were smoking extremely attenuated cigarettes. There was between them, however, this subtle difference, that the Loyalist was wearing a bowler and the Republican a cap. We were all waiting on the Embankment to see the King of Spain go by—some of us because we were passionately fond of processions, others because we had tumbled into the crowd by accident and could not get out again. Chance brought me quite close to the Loyalist and the Republican, and, literally for the life of me, I could not help overhearing their conversation.

“Wot I’m askin’ you ter tell me,” said the Republican truculently, “is simply this here. Wot’s the difference between a king an’ you?”

The Loyalist laughed, and winked at a girl in a straw hat who had managed to get separated, for a few joyous moments, from her mother.

“I never was much good at riddles,” he replied.

“Don’t you be ser smart, young feller-me-lad,” retorted the Republican. “This ain’t no blinkin’ riddle, an’ you knows it. It’s a social problem; that’s wot it is.”

“I’ll ‘ave a bob each way ‘Social Problem,’” said the flippant Loyalist.

The girl in the straw hat giggled, blushed, and pretended to be mightily interested in a mounted policeman.

“Some chaps,” observed the Republican bitterly, “ain’t got the brains ter discuss a question seriously. That’s why the workin’ classes ‘as ter starve.”

“Wot about that plate of ‘am an’ beef as I saw yer tuckin’ away ‘bout an hour ago?” asked the Loyalist.

“I’m not talkin’ about meself all the time,” snapped the Republican. “There’s others in the world besides you an’ me, yer know.”

“No need ter tell me that, old son, when I’ve got a covey standin’ on each toe and another shovin’ me in the small o’ the back with a brolly.”

The girl in the straw hat was so delighted with this retort that she favoured the Loyalist with another fit of giggling and a glance of keen admiration.

The Republican, seeing that he was losing ground, made matters worse by also losing his temper.

“That’s just about wot kings are good for,” he sneered; “just ter ride by in a blinkin’ kerridge an’ amuse a parcel o’ cacklin’ gals.”

“Well,” observed the Loyalist, “you needn’t wait unless you like, yer know.”

And then somebody caught sight of the soldiers, and the Republican had all his work cut out to secure a front place. The last glimpse of him showed me a white-faced little man in a shabby cloth cap panting with excitement as he feasted his eyes on our Royal Guest.

Mr. H. G. Wells, I am afraid, is inclined to be rather obstinate. It must be quite a month ago, I fancy, that he wrote an article in the *Daily Mail* pointing out that people who live in country cottages are sincerely to be pitied, that a labourer’s wife is scarcely higher than the animals, and that the labourer himself hates the sight of his own garden and loathes the task of cultivating it. Knowing something of country cottages and the people who live in them, I also wrote an article in the *Daily Mail*, explaining to Mr. Wells, who has not had the advantage of a lifelong, intimate acquaintance with peasant-folk in general, that the labourer, so far from hating his garden, regards it as one of his chief interests and recreations. Do you suppose that Mr. Wells believed my statement? Not a bit of it. He merely sent a further article to the *Daily Mail*, asserting that, in Utopia, the labourer “would no more dream of spending his twilight hour in cabbage-growing on an allotment than Mr. Keble Howard or I should do.” Observe how cunningly he substitutes the word “allotment” for “garden.” Of all places, an allotment is the most dreary. It is usually at some distance from the village, so that there is no friendly neighbour to stand, pipe in mouth, on the other side of a hedge and chat to one as one works. For the rest, I confess with shame that gardening does not appeal to me in the least. I am interested, but not surprised, to learn that it does not appeal to Mr. Wells.



## WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OUT-OF-DATE HEROES?

A FEW PERTINENT HINTS.



THE DIRECTORS  
OF EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION  
MIGHT ENGAGE ADMIRAL ROZHDESTVENSKY  
TO GIVE A REPRESENTATION OF HIS  
GALLANT ACTION WITH THE  
"GAMECOCK FLEET."



WITH GOOD STAGE  
MANAGEMENT, THE CZAR OF  
RUSSIA COULD GIVE A  
SUCCESSFUL REPRODUCTION  
OF HOW HE FACED THE  
STRIKERS IN ST PETERSBURG



IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT  
THE GERMAN EMPEROR WILL, ON  
RETIRING FROM THE THRONE, BE  
OFFERED THE POSITION  
OF "BALLET MASTER TO  
THE EMPIRE."



IT IS ANTICIPATED THAT  
GENERAL ANDRÉ (IN UNIFORM)  
WILL GIVE A SERIES OF  
LECTURES ON METHODS  
OF PROMOTION IN THE  
FRENCH ARMY



RUMOUR SAYS THAT GENERAL DE WET  
IS TRANSLATING ERASMUS' APOTHEGMS  
INTO THE BOER DIALECT, BEING INCITED  
THERETO BY THE TRUTH OF "THAT SAME MAN, THAT RUNNITH AWAYE,  
MAIE AGAIN FIGHT AN OTHER DAIE" (DONALD'S TRANSLATION).



WE HEAR ABDUL HAMID HAS BEEN  
ENGAGED, AT AN ENORMOUS SALARY, TO GIVE  
REPRESENTATIONS OF THE BEST METHODS OF  
"DEALING WITH ASSASSINS." THE USE OF  
THE BOW STRING ETC.  
THE VICTIMS BEING SUPPLIED  
GRATUITOUSLY BY THE SULTAN.

RALPH CLEAVER

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CRONJE, THE BOER GENERAL NOW LEADING A MILITARY DISPLAY IN NEW YORK.

General Cronje, now figuring in a representation of the Boer War, in America, has been severely taken to task for disgracing the military profession. He says that he has been driven to take this engagement by sheer poverty. The War left him old, broken, and penniless, and the Boer system did not provide for a pension list. As for disgracing the military profession, he says he never belonged to it. He fought as a patriot, not as a soldier.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.







## LONDON STAGELAND AT A GLANCE: "THE" PROFESSION'S HONOUR TO ITS VETERAN CRITIC.

*Photograph by Fradelle and Young.*

THE SCENE AT THE SAVOY HOTEL AT THE DINNER TO MR. JOSEPH KNIGHT PRESIDED OVER BY SIR HENRY IRVING (JUNE 4).

The Chairman, Sir Henry Irving, and the guest of the evening, Mr. Joseph Knight, best-beloved of them that sit in judgment on the play, are standing side by side at the far end of the room. We have the best reason to believe that the nearest figure on the right is that of Mr. George Alexander himself, who would not have deputed to any double the pleasure of being present to do honour to Mr. Knight. The plan of the tables given on the opposite page will to a great extent aid identification, but before the photograph was taken several of the guests had changed their seats. The greater number of the portraits, however, speak for themselves.



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Than be exiled for ever from Skye!—SHERIFF NICOLSON.

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**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**  
JUNE 17.

THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA.

ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S WEDDING.

THE NORWEGIAN SECESSION.

THE LATEST SUBMARINE DISASTER.

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AN ACCOMPLISHED SKATER'S ENGAGEMENT:  
MISS MARGARET IRBY,  
BETROTHED TO SIR MORGAN CROFTON.  
Photograph by Thomson.

## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

**W**INDSOR has seen many splendid functions, few more brilliant than that which will take place there to-morrow. In fact, in some ways the marriage of Princess Margaret of Connaught to the future King of Sweden and Norway will recall to those of an age to remember it the wedding ceremonial followed at the wedding of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. It is well and fitting that the first British Princess who has wedded an heir-presumptive for close on fifty years should be married from the home of England's Kings, with every possible

pomp and ceremony. A most distinguished party is being entertained at Windsor Castle, including the parents of the bridegroom and his brothers. But the venerable King and Queen of Sweden will be much missed by their British friends.

### Germany's Future Empress.

The German Imperial wedding seems to have been a thoroughly successful function, and the Berliners are evidently delighted with their future Empress. As an actual fact, curiously little is known of the character and disposition of the Crown Prince, and it is felt that, after his marriage, it will be impossible for him to remain in the background as he has hitherto done. The Imperial bride showed herself possessed of exceptional self-command during the long and tiring ceremonies which preceded her marriage. It was noticed that she was on very affectionate terms with the grey-haired Empress. In one matter Her Imperial Highness undoubtedly recalls Germany's first Empress, for she has a great love for France, and speaks French as well as German, much of her youth having been spent at Cannes.

### Stories of the Crown Prince.

The German Crown Prince, whose likeness to his father has been noticed, was, as a small boy, about as plain-spoken as his second-cousin, the Prince of Wales, if the stories told of him may be believed. One of his biographers has recorded that, shortly after Prince Bismarck was dismissed, the little boy was talking to his father, and in the course of conversation said, with childish naïveté, "Father, they say that now you will be able to tell the people what to do all by yourself. You'll enjoy that, won't you?" Unfortunately, history has not recorded the Kaiser's reply; or, if it has, not for publication. Everyone knows the remarkably close intimacy and affection which have always existed between the Kaiserin and her children, and how fully the feeling is reciprocated was shown one day when the Crown Prince was told that all people are sinners. "My father may be a sinner," he replied, hotly, "but I know my mother is not!" He has always had a very kind heart, and even as a small boy was of an exceedingly generous nature, in proof of which the following anecdote is told. He was staying with his tutor and his next brother at a certain place on the Rhine. When the bill was paid, he offered a tip to the chambermaid, who, with a simplicity which is hardly credible, refused the proffered gift, because, as she pointed out, there was a notice that tips were not allowed. The young Prince, in the course of a walk with his brother, bought a very pretty brooch, which he gave to the girl, adding that, as it was not money, she could not refuse it. As the Princes were travelling incognito at the time, the girl may still be in ignorance of the fact that she was talking to a Prince.

### A Skating Bride-Elect.

The prettiest and most popular of noted skaters in Society, Miss Margaret Irby, has become engaged to Sir Morgan Crofton, a good-looking Irish Guardsman well known in Hampshire, where he has a pretty place, near Southampton. Miss Irby has won many skating prizes; she skates far more like a Danish or Canadian girl than one of purely British parentage, and her skating has been rightly described as the very poetry of motion.

### Vacation for Law-givers.

After witnessing the dignified spectacle of a change of Speakers, the House of Commons is taking a good Whitsuntide holiday. Mr. Balfour believes in plenty of play, and members who lived in the strenuous days of Gladstone take special pleasure in the present easy régime. There is no great desire in Mr. Balfour's Parliament to do anything. Very little legislation was promised at the beginning of this Session, and still less has been attempted. The only important work done has been the passing of the Finance Bill which embodies the Budget.

### King Alfonso.

Paris is never more beautiful than now, in early June, when the Bois de Boulogne is a garden powdered with the white blooms of the trees and sweet with the perfumes of acacia and of elder-trees, with which mingle the scent of syringa and the benzoin gum. But the Paris which young King Alfonso saw was garish with the red-and-yellow flags of Spain, and the red, white, and blue of France, was all a-clatter with the metal trappings of the Cuirassiers and of their horses, was dusty with the clouds raised by those horses' feet, and smelt of yelling crowds and of petroleum. Surrounded as he was from morning until night with uniforms and guards, the young King never had a chance of realising the extraordinary charm of the Paris spring, a charm of all the senses which recalls and makes one understand the charm of the old Lotos Islands of which Homer sang.



A RELIC OF THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S EARLY DAYS: MODEL REDOUBT BUILT BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.  
The redoubt, which is still preserved, was built by the Duke in 1868 in the grounds of the Ranger's Lodge in Greenwich Park.

Advance Photo Agency.

### The Anarchist Plot in Paris.

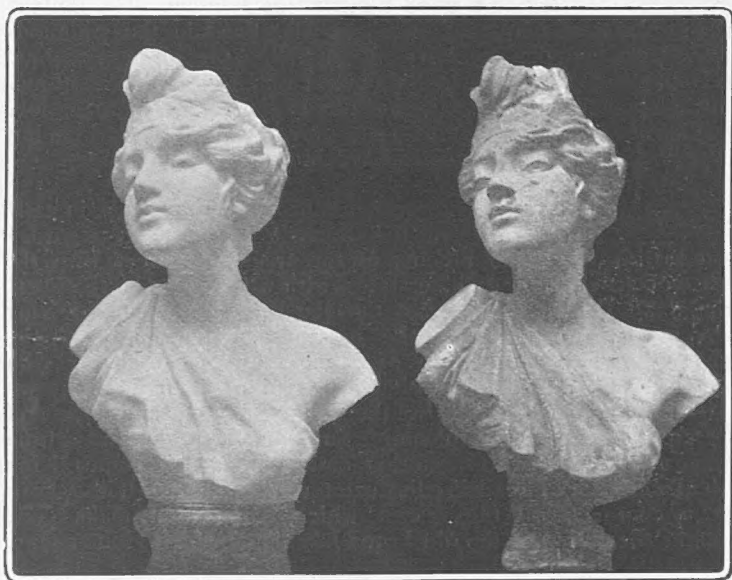
There has been much small-talk and many rumours of a curious kind with reference to the bomb thrown at the carriage in which President Loubet and the King of Spain were driving from the Opera to the Quai d'Orsay on May 31, and the gossip and the rumours are so curiously characteristic of life under the Third Republic that, although there may be no more truth in them than such rumours usually contain, they are worth repetition.

Here is the story that is being whispered. The Paris police knew all about the Anarchist plot before the King of Spain's arrival. The man Vallina, one of the three now under arrest, is no real Anarchist, but a spy in the pay of the French police, and Ferras, the man who is



believed to have thrown the bomb, could, with Vallina's help, have been arrested before King Alfonso got here had the French police so wished it. But they did not wish it. They have had no opportunity of distinguishing themselves sensationally for some years, and thought it would be a good thing to do so this time and justify their position. But the best-laid police plans are sometimes thwarted, and Ferras this time was too sharp for the police. His steps had been closely dogged ever since the young King's arrival, but he gave his shadowers the slip on the evening of the King's visit to the Opera, and the wish not to arrest him until the psychological moment very nearly cost King Alfonso and President Loubet their lives. In any country less addicted to theatrical methods than France such a story would be quite incredible; but such things have been done before on this side of the Channel, and the rumour may well have fact behind it.

*M. Delcassé.* And since the young King left there has been talk of M. Delcassé's immediate resignation. On the morning of June 7 it was known that that resignation was a definite fact. France is a fickle country, and the fact that M. Delcassé held his position unquestioned through several changes



MECHANICAL SCULPTURE: A BUST AND ITS REPLICA MADE BY MACHINERY.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*

of Government and for seven years has of itself been quite sufficient to arouse intrigues against him which none but so strong a man could have withstood so long. France's position with regard to Germany is that of the little dog which fears the evil-tempered mastiff in the next kennel, but is afraid to let that mastiff know it. M. Delcassé is the one French statesman who has never been afraid of Germany, but his colleagues fear that he has shown his fearlessness too clearly. Besides, French politicians look upon place-hunting as a legitimate sport, and one or two of M. Delcassé's opponents consider that their own work has waited long enough for its reward. One thing is pretty certain, and that is that M. Delcassé will not remain long in retirement, although by a turn of the wheel he is out of office.

*The Arab, the Jew, and the Telegraph Wire.*

An amusing story from the desert is going the rounds in Paris. A Jew of Djerba, who was travelling with his donkey along the road from Ben-Gardane to Zarzis, was attacked by two Arabs. Terrified, the Jew forsook the donkey and his pack and hurried up a telegraph-post, where he bewailed his fate, and at the top of his voice implored the help of God and of the military commander in charge of the garrison at Ben-Gardane. The Arabs, who knew little about the telegraph except that infidels used it as a means of communication for long distances, were panic-stricken at the idea that the Jew was lodging, as they thought, information against them, tied the donkey to the pole again, added a gift, and besought the Jew to explain by means of the wire that restitution had been made.

*A Charming French Actress.*

M. Coquelin has brought over a brilliant company from the Parisian Gaité Theatre, his leading lady being Mlle. Moreno, who is now one of the bright particular "stars" of the French public. This delightful actress has worked hard at her art, and she is now one of the best all-round players in Paris, and that, as all those who love the French stage know, is saying much. Last

week she appeared in that idyllic comedy, "L'Abbé Constantin," and she is equally at home in Molière's masterpiece, "Les Précieuses Ridicules."

*A Royal Romance.* Perhaps the most interesting of Princess Margaret's new relations is the serious-faced heroine of one of the most exciting romances of modern times. Prince Oscar of Sweden, one of the most charming of Royal bachelors, fell in love with his mother's Maid-of-Honour, Miss Ebba Monk, and the course of true love did not run smooth for many a long day. Forgetful of his own humble ancestry, King Oscar entirely disapproved of his son's betrothed, and for a long while the lovers found it impossible to marry. At last, Queen Sophia, on the eve of a terrible operation, begged her husband to give his consent. He found it impossible to refuse, and the marriage of Prince Oscar and Miss Ebba Monk took place at Bournemouth, the bridegroom's mother, alone of his relations, being present, though several members of our Royal Family were active in showing their sympathy. Since that eventful day Prince and Princess Bernadotte have lived very quietly, devoting much of their time to various sorts of good works. They are greatly beloved in Sweden, and each of the Prince's relatives has been won over by the Princess's beautiful nature and rare abnegation of character.



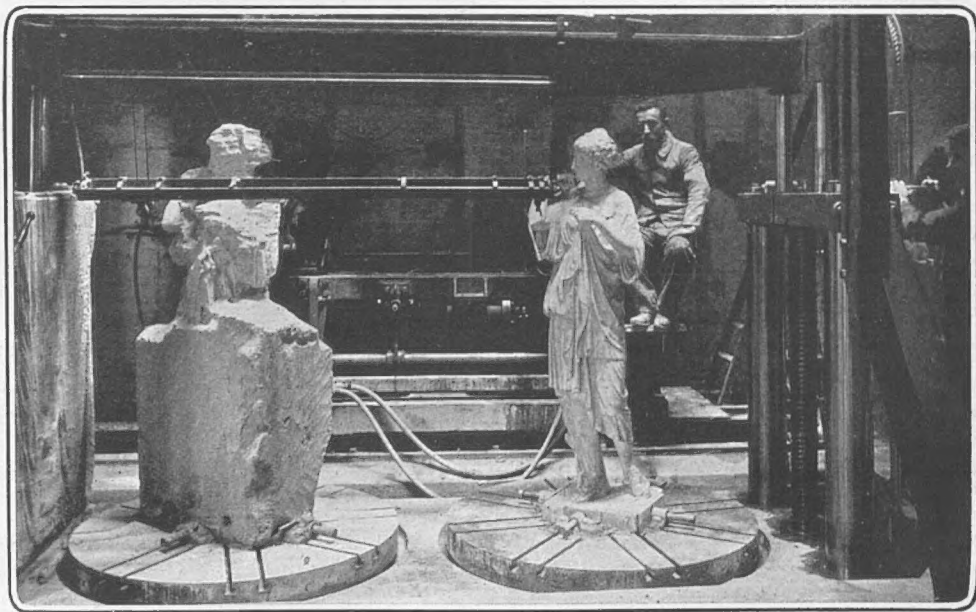
A PRINCESS OF ROMANCE:  
PRINCESS BERNADETTE OF SWEDEN.

The Princess, née Miss Ebba Monk, was Maid of Honour to the Queen of Sweden. On this page is recounted the story of how she and her husband overcame the difficulties in the way of their marriage.

*Photograph by Florman.*

*A Dubious Greeting.*

We are not as a nation accomplished linguists, and that probably is the reason why, when a foreign potentate visits us, we delight to hang out greetings in what we proudly believe to be our guests' own language. The practice is praiseworthy but perilous. Last week, for example, near Chancery Lane, hung a huge banner of welcome to King Alfonso. It was tolerable Spanish—up to the last word, when disaster overtook the writer. "Que vuestro reinado, Señor, sea largo y filez," would have meant, "May your reign, Sir, be long and happy," had the final word been spelt "feliz." Now "filez" in Spanish means nothing, whereas in French, a tongue in which His Majesty is expert, it may signify, familiarly speaking, "Hook it." The young King is not without sense of humour, and, if he noticed the confusion of tongues, he no doubt took the will for the deed and made the happy transposition for himself.



THE MECHANICAL SCULPTOR AT WORK: COPYING A STATUE.

The operator passes a pointer over the surface of the statue to be copied, and the chisel at the other end of the machine reduces the block of marble to correspond. When the whole surface of the original statue has been traversed the replica of the statue is complete.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



*A Record Sale.* All fashionable London crowded to view the masterpieces at the Tweedmouth sale, and certainly Christie's famous rooms never held a more celebrated set of British pictures. At last Raeburn has come into his kingdom, another triumph for Scotland. The record price of close on nine thousand guineas given for the exquisite "Lady Raeburn" is the more significant when it is realised that not many years ago this beautiful painting changed hands for less than a thousand pounds. From the record-price point of view, the sum of four thousand five hundred guineas paid for Raeburn's portrait of himself was even more startling. The purchaser was Scotland's National Gallery, and less than twenty years ago the picture had changed hands at the modest price of three hundred and fifty guineas! Less surprising, perhaps, was the high price of six thousand six hundred guineas paid for a delightful full-length Reynolds. How interesting it would be to take a glimpse into the future and note whether some of those artists now rejected at the Academy, or, worse still,



A COSTLY RAEUBURN AT THE TWEEDMOUTH SALE: A LADY CELEBRATED BY BURNS.

The portrait is that of Mrs. Oswald, of Auchencriue, née Lucy Johnstone, daughter of Colonel Johnstone, of Hutton Hall, Berwickshire. She it was who inspired Burns to the ballad "Wat ye wha's in yon town." The picture realised 3,000 guineas at Christie's on June 3.

best collections of short stories written of late years; Lady Warwick, who, in addition to writing constantly on those subjects near to her heart, has also published a most elaborate and very readable account of "Warwick Castle and its Earls"; and Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, who has found time in the intervals afforded by the life of a political hostess and philanthropist to publish a novel, and to produce a play, "Warp and Woof," which had the merit of presenting an entirely new social problem to the jaded playgoer.

#### *Poets of High Degree.*

The divine fire has never spared those of high degree, and a curious volume might be written on Peer-poets. They are now headed by the Sovereign's brother-in-law, his Grace of Argyll, who inherits his literary gift from his remarkable father. As Marquess of Lorne, the Duke wrote the libretto to a Scotch opera, "Diarmid," and he has written much stirring as well as much scholarly verse. But in this matter of poetry the ladies are serious rivals to the men. Lady Esher is a charming writer of occasional verse; Lady Margaret Sackville is making a real reputation; and the young Countess of Cromartie is a poet as well as a story-writer. Baroness de Bertouch is one of the popular song-

skied, will be appreciated a hundred years hence as are now the one-time slightly sneered at fashionable portrait-painters, Raeburn and Reynolds.

#### *The Desk in the Drawing-room.*

The day when the great nobility was content with the rôle of Patron of Literature has long passed away, and now we have ducal novelists and poets and numerous noble playwrights and writers. One sign of the times is that so many great ladies who have won fame in other fields wish to add literary laurels to their garlands. This is the case with the Duchess of Sutherland, who has published one really striking story, "One Hour and the Next"; the Duchess of Leeds, whose "Capriccios" was one of the



6,600 GUINEAS FOR A REYNOLDS AT THE TWEEDMOUTH SALE: THE COUNTESS OF BELLAMONT.

The subject of this portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds was Emilia, daughter of the Duke of Leinster. The picture was disposed of at Christie's on June 3.

Mrs. Evelyn Cecil's account of South Africa has political as well as general interest to recommend it, and, doubtless, the same praise will be awarded to Lady Lugard's forthcoming work on Nigeria. This brilliant lady began her literary career on *The Times*, and as Miss Flora Shaw she was considered a leading authority on Colonial questions. Lady Violet Greville was the pioneer of titled women journalists. She contributes a weekly column to more than one paper, and is one of the best writers on every branch of feminine sport.

#### *In the Court World.*

Both Lord Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, and the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood

writers of the hour, and Lady Arthur Hill's verses, "In the Gloaming," won literally world-wide fame.

#### *Novelists, Travellers, and Journalists.*

The Earls of Ellesmere and Iddesleigh both write novels, the former cheerful sporting works, and the latter more ambitious stories of fine literary quality, such as "Luck o' Lassendale." Lady Helen Forbes, Lord Craven's sister, first made her mark with a remarkable historical story, entitled "His Eminence," and, to show her versatility, she has just published a very modern study of Anglo-Indian military life. A charming writer, better known in Ireland and in Roman Catholic America than in England, is Lady Gilbert—the late Lord Russell of Killowen's sister-in-law. She interprets the romance and deep feeling of her countrymen and countrywomen as few writers have known how to do, perhaps the most popular of her books being "Nanno." Long is the list of aristocratic travellers who have written books recording their experiences in distant lands—the Duchess of Somerset, the Dowager Lady Dufferin, Lady Florence Dixie, have led the way. The Hon.



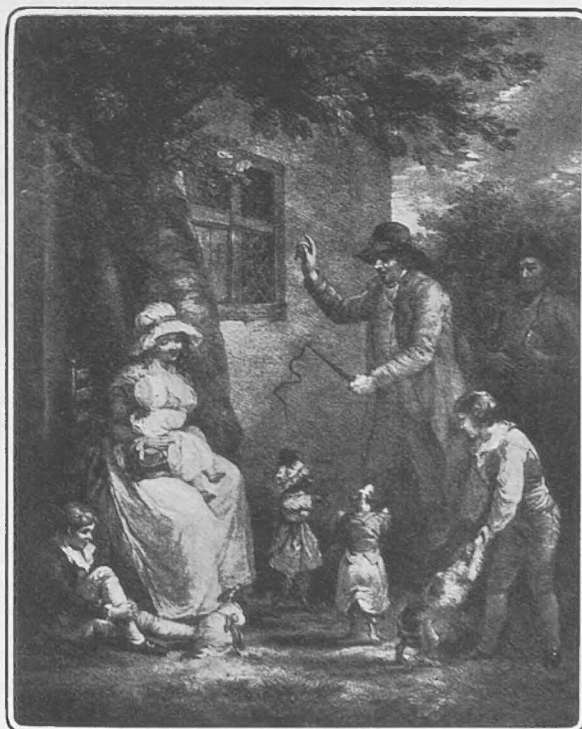
8,700 GUINEAS (RECORD PRICE) FOR A RAEUBURN AT THE TWEEDMOUTH SALE: PORTRAIT OF LADY RAEUBURN.

This portrait of the artist's wife, who was Anne Edgar, daughter of Peter Edgar of Bridgelands, was sold in 1878 for 610 guineas. On June 3 it realised 8,700 guineas at Christie's.

belong to the innermost circle of people connected with the Court. Lord Grey's father was the most intimate English friend of the Prince Consort, and Queen Victoria took a deep interest in Lord Grey's first literary efforts. Mr. Hood, who is a member of the Princess of Wales's Household, lately wrote a charming book on Venice.

#### *Motor Legislation.*

Motorists have been on trial in the House of Commons. As many as thirty or forty motor-cars may be seen at one time in Palace Yard, but, while the Automobile Club has some strong champions in the House, many of the country members are fierce critics of motoring. In the recent discussion it was contended that ladies could not drive in their carriages on some country roads, that children could not get out of the cottages, and that, in addition to the risk, great discomfort was caused by the noise and the smell and the dust. The motorists pleaded that the great majority of drivers were anxious to consider the convenience of other users of the roads, and that only the few were reckless. Several of them suggested that the speed limit should be abolished, but that the penalties should be increased for driving without due regard to the safety of the public. A promise of a Government inquiry failed to satisfy the critics.



THE RECORD-PRICE MORLAND AT THE TWEEDMOUTH SALE: "THE DANCING DOGS."

4,000 guineas was realised on June 3 at Christie's for the picture by George Morland here reproduced.



## THE ROYAL BRIDE OF JUNE 13:

PRINCESS MARGARET, HER FAMILY, BRIDESMAIDS, AND THE CHIEF CELEBRANT.



THE BRIDE'S MOTHER:  
THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

THE CHIEF BRIDESMAID:  
PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT.

BRIDESMAID:  
PRINCESS MARY OF WALES.

THE BRIDE'S BROTHER:  
PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

THE BRIDE:  
PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT.  
THE CHIEF OFFICIATING PRELATE:  
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE BRIDE'S FATHER:  
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

BRIDESMAID:  
PRINCESS ENA OF BATTENBERG.

BRIDESMAID:  
PRINCESS BEATRICE OF COBURG.

*Photographs by Downey, Lafayette, Mendelssohn, Hughes and Mullins, Elliott and Fry, and Uhlenhuth.*



## THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM OF JUNE 15:

PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, HIS FAMILY, AND AN OFFICIATING PRELATE.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S PATERNAL GRANDFATHER:  
THE KING OF SWEDEN.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER:  
THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FATHER:  
THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

THE BRIDEGROOM:  
PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER:  
THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S MATERNAL GRANDMOTHER:  
THE GRAND DUCHESS OF BADEN.

AN OFFICIATING PRELATE:  
THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S MATERNAL GRANDFATHER:  
THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN.

*Photographs by Scacinski, Florman, Schumann and Sohn, and Russell and Sons.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

NOT until I read the report of one of the Russian cruisers' Captains did I realise the horrors of war at sea. "Most of the damage was done at a five-mile range," quoth the poor, outclassed warrior. Now, I know nothing of five-mile ranges, but I do know something about a four-mile radius, and that teaches me things. If you had been on the Japanese man-of-war and had fled from it in a hansom-cab just beyond the point at which sixpence a mile is held to satisfy the cabman's legitimate ambitions, you would have still been within range of the ship's guns. Had you gone yet another mile, to the point at which the cabman would look severely at half-a-crown and say, "'Ere, now, what d'ye call this?" or "What's this for, governor?" you would not have been outside the zone of death. And, if the range is immense, what shall we say of the quality of the firing that can hit the mark at such a distance? When I consider the number of pheasants, partridges, and grouse that have passed me by within forty yards, the achievements of Japan's gunners at a nine-thousand-yard range seem little less than miraculous. Decidedly, war should be abolished, and peace made compulsory.

*Earthquakes.* It is as well that we are too much occupied in London just now to notice the prevalence of earthquakes the world over. North, south, east, and west come reports of small shocks or great, accompanied, as on the Mediterranean littoral recently, with considerable loss of life. There is something vastly uncompromising about an earthquake. So far as it is concerned, humanity has no existence worth considering. Earth quakes, and humanity follows the example. But there is one matter in connection with the latest disturbance that does call for very serious attention. There has been an earthquake in Japan. Now, we remember that the Mikado's virtues have been so conspicuous that not only have there been great Japanese victories by land and sea, but there has been a new island created by Nature and accepted with thanks by the Japanese since the beginning of the year. Yet, since the Battle of Tsushima there has been an earthquake from Shimonoseki to Hiroshima, and there has been much loss of life. The question arises, did Mutsuhito, in his great joy at the famous victory, do or permit any mafficking? If so, the vengeance of the Fates has been very swift and emphatic, and it is to be hoped, in the interests of the world at large, that the Mikado will revert at once to his earlier condition of perfection.

*Music Under Difficulties.* It would appear likely that Russian patrons of music must in future pay heavily for the services of the virtuosi. I read of a big orchestral concert at which the public rose in their thousands and demanded a funeral

march in memory of the war's victims. This order proved distinctly embarrassing to the men of music. If they refused, they feared to be torn to pieces by their patrons; to obey, on the other hand, spelt a different sort of penalty, not less painful, at the hands of authority. So they compromised—by running away. Before they were well out of the trouble-zone, soldiers had arrived, and the concert-room was in fair way of becoming a circus. Such an



OUR VANISHING WOODEN WALLS: THE OLD THREE-DECKER "ST. VINCENT,"  
SOON TO BE ABOLISHED BY THE ADMIRALTY.

Although less famous than the "Victory," the "St. Vincent" has long been as familiar a feature of Portsmouth Harbour. She was retained as a training-ship in sail-drill, but now that that form of instruction, which has been called the Latin and Greek of the Navy, has been discarded there is no further use for her. She was launched in 1815 and was at that time considered the last word on naval construction. A very large number of present-day sailors were trained on board the "St. Vincent."

Photograph by F. J. Mortimer.

incident is in keeping with the times, but it hardly makes for confidence. If I were a Russian, and resident in my own country, I would think twice before I decided to go to a concert; and even then I wouldn't go. Rumour has it that one great violinist recently refused to go into Russian territory until his beautiful violin was insured for a very huge amount. A brave man himself, the musician is not afraid about his own safety—in fact, the advertisement that would come in the wake of an injury might well-nigh atone for it. But a Strad, on the other hand, is not to be played with—by political agitators, at least.

### The Mailed Fist in South-West Africa.

When our American cousins, acting, of course, in the interests of law, order, fraternity, equality, and liberty, took the Spanish possessions in Cuba and the neighbour, and started to show that administrators are born and not made, there was a peace in the American Press that was broken only by regrettable incidents. The difference between Government in theory and in practice was demonstrated by the most eloquent burst of silence that the Fourth Estate on the other side of the Atlantic has known. Something similar in the way of administrative development is to be noted in a part of the world known to the general public as South-West Africa. There, certain gentlemen whose names are a perpetual trouble to compositors have been evading the mailed fist in a manner that is compact of varied offences. Even the German General's fine offer of so much money for the heads of the chief offenders against the Kaiser's rule has realised nothing. Expenditure in the dreary country of the Herreros goes on apace, and as I write there is an ugly rumour that the garrison at Warmbad has got into hot water. This seems natural enough, but it does suggest that, even when the German soldiers have enjoyed a long course of the treatment that is exposed from time to time by the enlightened section of the German Press, they are not necessarily the best fighting-men in the world.



A RESURRECTION OF OLD SHOT AND SHELL AND OTHER CURIOSITIES:  
EXCAVATIONS AT BASING HOUSE.

For the last three years Lord Bolton has had excavations conducted near Basingstoke in the ruins of Basing House, which are now to be opened to the public on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. A museum of curiosities has been formed, and in it are various objects here figured. The iron fragments on the ground would apparently form shells from 11 to 13 inches in diameter if pieced together. The solid shot weigh from 13 to 30 lb. On the coats-of-arms appear King Charles's initials. The grotesque stone faces once adorned the mansion.

Photograph by A. Kelly.



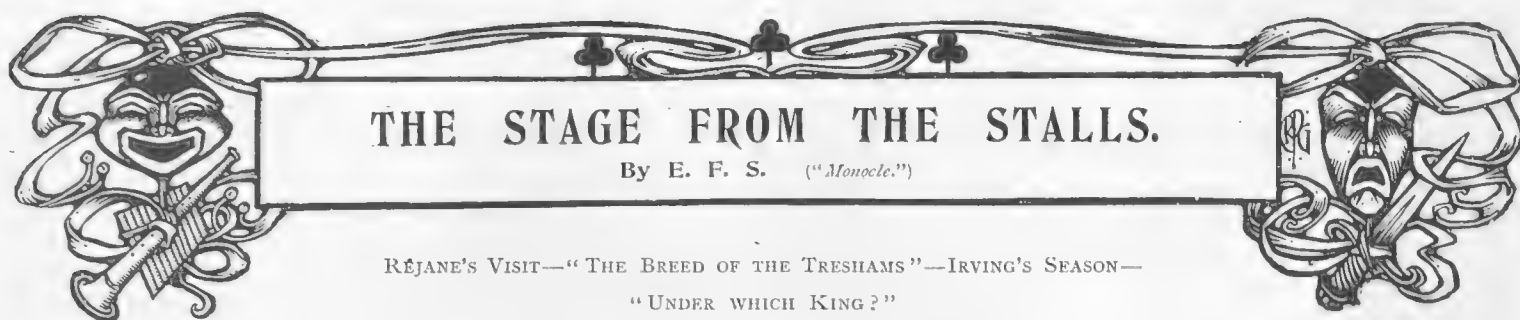
## A CROWNED PAINTER'S PICTURE NOW EXHIBITED IN LONDON.



A PAINTING BY THE KING OF PORTUGAL, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE ST. PETER S INSTITUTE, HUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD.

Among his many accomplishments Dom Carlos numbers that of painting. He sketches portraits, landscapes in oil, and has also made many technical drawings to illustrate his researches in natural history.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

RÉJANE'S VISIT—"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS"—IRVING'S SEASON—

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

M. PIERRE WOLFF'S play, "L'Age d'Aimer," is so curious in one aspect—its morals, if any—as to suggest that its present form is quite different from the original. One can imagine that the talented young author wrote a comedy of character round several married couples, the central figure of which was Geneviève, the woman of forty who married a handsome fellow ten years younger than herself, and suffered keenly through his inconstancy, her sufferings being almost the keener because, like the hero of the song, "His heart was true to Poll," his little pin-pricks in the marriage contract were "without prejudice" to a sort of sincere affection for his mistress. Then, apparently, the author discovered that no one wanted his play, that it was deemed conventional, commonplace, and a trifle *bourgeois*, so he had a stroke of genius, unmarried all his couples, and presented a picture of Parisian life, of dissolute men and the ladies who live with them on terminable contracts at rents of 3,000 or 2,000 francs a month (the only sums mentioned), and contrive to inspire even hysterically sentimental emotions in the hearts of their temporary owners. Of course, there is not a word of truth in my suggestion, but it serves to explain the curious comedy which, by the trifling change of causing the different couples to be married folk, would, with barely any other alterations, become quite inoffensive. This sounds as if I were an eager advocate of matrimony—by no means the case, though I have good personal grounds for the advocacy—but, in point of fact, I would accept gladly a comedy of honest free-love; it is the fact that all the women are mercenaries and nearly all the men contemptibly enslaved by them that renders the piece nauseous.

The play certainly is very clever, though one notes that M. Wolff dodges in rather a cowardly way the complications that come from the birth of children, and that we seem in a curiously unreal half-world where all the men lack professions or careers, and most of the women, apart from occupying their disgraceful positions, behave as if born and brought up as ladies, so far, indeed, as it is ladylike to steal lovers, tell fibs, and be faithless in love-affairs—if love be a term to use in such matters. It is a witty play, though the humours concerning Bellencontre, the angler, are stale. Oh for the genius who will invent a few novel jokes at the expense of anglers! We are so tired of the constant iteration of time-dishonoured "chestnuts" that must have made Noah writhe when he daddled a worm from the roof of the ark. The play acts and is acted admirably. Réjane is quite superb as the woman of forty: even she has never played with a more exquisite subtlety and precise strength: and the picture she presents is perfect. There is a charming, skilful *jeune premier*, M. Magnier, whilst the light comedy of M. Barré and somewhat broader humour of M. Huguenet are remarkably good. Mlle. Félyne made a "hit" by clever comic work as a young baggage. Mesdames Suzanne Avril and Bernou played in capital style, and one should not ignore the fact that Miss Dorothy Grimston acted a short part neatly, and her French did not clash with that of the others.

"The Breed of the Treshams" caused a scene of unusual enthusiasm at the Lyric Theatre, and ought to carry Mr. Martin Harvey through his season, for it is a capital specimen of romantic melodrama, and contains some really thrilling scenes. Mr. John Rutherford, the author, has a strong instinct for the theatre, and if he has not invented anything quite new, at least has told a fairly novel story very vigorously, and designed a striking, picturesque figure in "The Rat," otherwise Reresby, Lieutenant in the Forces of Charles I. His part is played by Mr. Martin Harvey with really remarkable

power, and he exhibited much curious humour and a fine touch of pathos. One scene was played by him in the second Act with an immense effect on the audience. Several members of the Company played excellently—notably Mr. Charles Glenney and Messrs. Percy Anstey, Albert Raynor, Charles J. Cameron, and George Cooke. The production certainly deserves a visit, and will delight all who are capable of enjoying straightforward, romantic drama, without too much of the sentimental in it.

Sir Henry Irving has brought his season to a close with revivals of "Waterloo" and "Louis XI.," thus giving playgoers a chance of seeing two of his most admirable studies of character; indeed, there are those who think that as the crafty French King and the old English soldier he is quite at his best. Certainly these have been the two most striking performances of a successful season, during which the public has once more shown how sincere is the respect and admiration felt by it for the famous actor and manager, the fact of whose absence from London during a great part of each year is such a curious element in our strange system of drama.



Mlle. MORENO, OF THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.

Mlle. Moreno is now playing in London with M. Coquelin.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

Mr. J. B. Fagan apparently considers that he has done his duty to his conscience, and is now entitled to follow the line of least resistance. That line, it need hardly be said, is melodrama and sentiment, seasoned this time with a flavouring of fine old imitation Scotch. Criticism based on probabilities and common-sense becomes futile in such a case, and the only question to be considered is theatrical effectiveness; in this respect, "Under which King?" at the Adelphi will probably meet with considerable success. Mr. Fagan has treated the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie and the heroic Maid with a certain amount of originality; and if his maid, who carries the despatch to save her lover's life, is strangely blind to the fact that she is thereby betraying her Prince, that is only because she is not so well acquainted with the ways of romance as are those who watch her from the stalls. The third Act, in the Hanoverian camp, had been announced as containing a situation calculated to shock, but there is really nothing in it that need cause a blush. This is mentioned by way of assurance, not complaint: for things that are shocking would be singularly out of place in a story so entirely innocent of ideas, and there is little reason why the simple-minded should not suppose that the Hanoverian Colonel meant marriage. The scene, it must be said in justice, is very effective. The Colonel behaves so nobly in the end, by letting both her lover and her Prince escape without fee or reward to himself, that it seems almost cruel to have suspected him. That he drinks a poisoned cup is not quite according to the fitness of things: Mr. Fagan has already had experience of turning tragic endings into happy ones; it may be that he will be asked to do it again, and it will not make much difference to the play. The honours of the evening go to Miss Brayton, who plays the maid with as much sincerity as the circumstances allow, and throws herself into the pleading scene of the third Act with a vigour and whole-heartedness worthy of a better play. Mr. Oscar Asche is duly gruff and straightforward as the Colonel, and Mr. Alfred Brydone manages a Scotch accent with some effect, though his Scotchness does not deceive us.

The withdrawal of Mr. Fagan's other melodrama after a run of only a fortnight at the Imperial may cause the young writer, so lucky in finding his way to the footlights, to reconsider the matter of writing down to the public, for it does not follow that, because the ambitious fails, the humble will succeed.



THE OPERA SEASON IN PARIS:

THE MUSICAL VERSION OF SARDOU'S "FÉDORA"



M. CARUSO AND MME. LINA CAVALIERI IN "FÉDORA."

Sardou's play has been adapted as a three-Act opera. The music is by Umberto Giordano. Mme. Cavallieri is here depicted in the part of Fédora.

DRAWN BY EDWARD ZIER.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL:

PARIS SALON PICTURES AND THEIR MODELS.



THE MODEL IN POSE FOR MR. ETCHVERRY'S PICTURE "CONFIDENCES."



THE FINISHED PICTURE "CONFIDENCES."



STUDIES IN THE LILAC MARKET BY M. LUIGI LOIR.



THE FINISHED PICTURE: "A CORNER OF THE LILAC MARKET."

M. EDOUARD SAIN PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF Mlle. DU MINIL  
OF THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE.PORTRAIT OF Mlle. POLAIRE, PHOTOGRAPH OF Mlle. POLAIRE  
PAINTED BY M. DE LA GANDARA. IN THE POSE OF THE PORTRAIT.

These photographs illustrate how far the artist mixes his colours with brains. In every case, side by side with the finished picture is shown either the sitter or the accessories that went to the making of the composition. The series emphasises the great gulf that is fixed between photography and painting, and is particularly curious viewed in the light of Sir David Wilkie's forecast of how far such a mechanical method as photography must fail. Wilkie wrote his forecast long before Daguerre had made his initial experiments in sun-pictures.



"THE FAIREST FLOWER O' TH' SEASON."



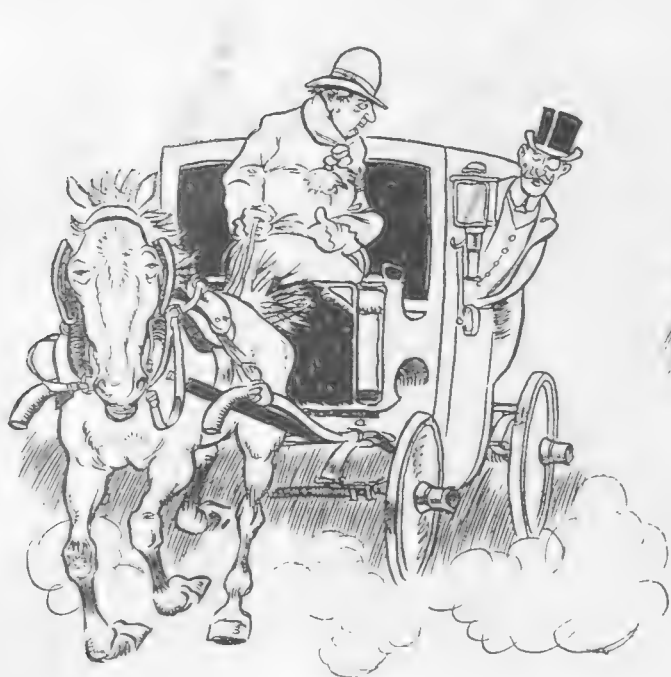
SOME FLOWER STUDIES.

*Photographs by Bassano.*

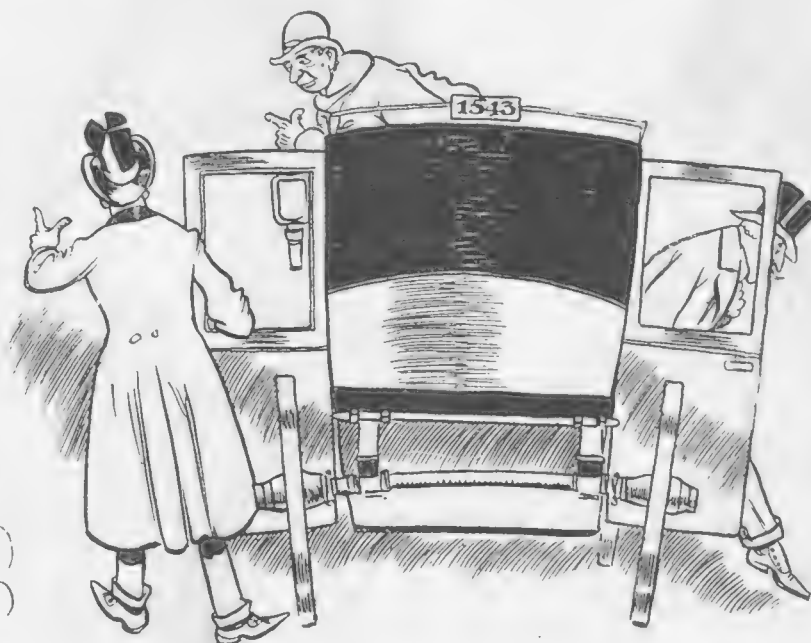
## THE MYSTERY OF A FOUR-WHEEL CAB.



"NEITHER OF US SEEM TO HAVE ANY MONEY, STILL WE CAN'T WALK .....



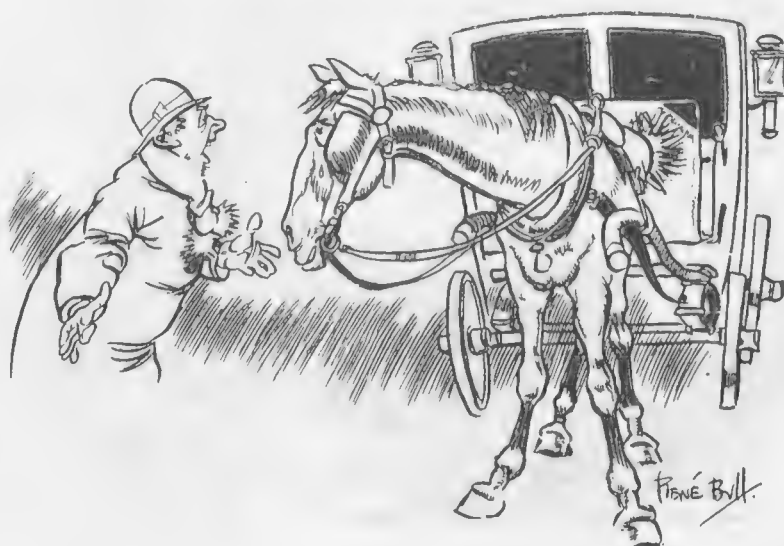
..... DRIVE TO 10 BEDFORD PLACE, CABBY .....



..... DROP ME HERE AND TAKE MY FRIEND UP THE NEXT TURNING ?



WHY, THERE AINT NO BLOOMING FRIEND



!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



THE TURNING OF A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.



"Now then, what are you doin' there? Can't you see it's Private?"  
"Yes, thank you, Sir. That's why we come."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the greatest popular successes of the summer is Mr. Guy Thorne's story, "When it was Dark." A reference to the volume made by the Bishop of London in Westminster Abbey, no doubt, did much to start the sale, and the book has gone on circulating in the shilling edition to the tune of nearly a hundred thousand copies. "Guy Thorne" is, I understand, a pseudonym for Mr. Ranger Gull, whose spirited stories have made his name well known. As "Guy Thorne" he has engaged to write two more novels. One is to be published by Mr. John Long, and the other by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. "Guy Thorne" seems likely to be the popular novelist of the High Church party, and one, at least, of his new books is announced as decidedly anti-Protestant.

Sir George Douglas has acquired the walking-stick used by Sir Walter Scott—a stout and serviceable malacca-cane.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen's new book, "Back to Sunny Seas," will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. It is, in effect, a popular guide-book to the West Indies.

Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel will be published first as a serial in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and afterwards by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. The same publishers will issue towards the end of the year a new volume of Mr. Quiller-Couch's short stories.

Mr. C. Arthur Pearson contributes to *Printer's Pie* a very interesting article on the American and the British Tastes in Reading. He says that the three leading illustrated magazines in America could be duplicated in England, but the public would not pay for them. The Americans do not consider *Punch* a humorous paper, and they are further of opinion that the English have comparatively little sense of humour. They like articles of an educational nature. The *Life* of Napoleon, the *Life* of Lincoln, and the memoirs of General Grant are three of the most successful features that have ever been published in the American magazines. With one exception, all American newspapers publish news on the front-page. Local news is more important than foreign news. A dog run over in Broadway is more interesting than the assassination of a Shah of Persia. Contents-bills are not supplied to newsboys, the same end being accomplished by the use of enormous type on the front-page. But the most characteristic product of American journalism is the Sunday newspaper. In this inexhaustible originality and enterprise is shown, and not least in the catering for children. The life of American periodicals is to be found in the fact that the United States Post Office carries publications at the rate of one cent a pound. To a very large extent Americans subscribe for their weekly papers and magazines by the year. They pay one dollar in advance for a year's subscription to a ten-cent magazine instead of ten cents a copy, or one dollar and twenty cents for twelve numbers. Premiums are largely offered to maintain sales, and in some cases three different magazines are offered for the price of two. In this way a publisher in

building up his circulation also builds up the circulation of two competitive magazines.

The same publication contains some good stories of printers' errors. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe says that he can never get printers to spell correctly the name of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Once they immortalised themselves by making it Mr. Goose. They were soundly rated, and they promised to be more careful. Next time the name appeared as Mr. Gasse. I have found that the name which gives printers the greatest trouble is that of the late Mr. W. R. Greg. It is generally printed Grey, often printed Gregg, sometimes Greig,

and on one awful occasion it was actually printed Grief. There used to be many mistakes in the late Dean Farrar's articles. In one of his books the line—

The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

was given as—

The sheep that is among the lonely hills.

When Professor Van Dyke, of Princeton, was in this country, he took a day in the Quantock Hills to see the places associated with Wordsworth and Coleridge. He started from Watchet and drove to Bridgwater. In *Scribner's Magazine* he has given some account of the journey. Alfoxden House, which William Wordsworth rented in 1797 for £23 a year, has been considerably altered. It is a long, two-storey building of white stucco, with a pillared porch, facing the hills. There is not a room that remains the same, though the present owner has brought together as much of the woodwork as possible into one chamber, which is known as "Wordsworth's Study." But the poet's real study was cut of doors. Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey still stands, a poor, ugly house, close on the street. There are but four rooms, two downstairs and two above. It was while Coleridge lived in this poor little cottage that he produced "Osorio," "Fears in Solitude," "Ode to France," the first part of "Christabel," "Frost at Midnight," "The Nightingale," "Kubla Khan," and "The Ancient Mariner," and planned with his friend Wordsworth "Lyrical Ballads," the most epoch-making book of modern English poetry.

All the serious students of Charles Lamb look out with interest for the critical articles in the *Athenaeum* which are attributed to Mr. T. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson's knowledge is unrivalled, and he has scrutinised with the most minute care Mr. Lucas's recent edition of the Letters. On the whole, Mr. Lucas comes out well from the severe ordeal, and the corrections are not very important, though one is highly amusing. Mr. Lucas suggests that the Plantas (respectable literary folk) are cigars. The final editor of Lamb, according to the reviewer, "ought to be clear of cliques and coteries, and have access to all possible sources of information, printed or unprinted, ought to be a good classical scholar, ought to have as much time as he likes for his work, and ought, finally, to receive every support in his determination to print all that Lamb wrote as he wrote it, whatever the pedant, the protestant, or the public may think."—O. O.



GREAT THOUGHTS—AND THEIR THINKERS. VI.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



THE GREATNESS THAT IS THRUST.



"HI, BILL! THAT'S 'IM!"

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

## THE LONDON SEASON.

[FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]



"MR. AND MRS. TYRE DE WALKER ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS WITH MR. LAZIE REID AT SANDBOROUGH-ON-SEA BEFORE RETURNING TO TOWN."

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE IMPERSONATORS, LIMITED.

By EDWIN PUGH.



She was a bright-faced little woman—hardly more than a girl—and she wore a ravishing costume of silvery grey that just escaped the

hideous reproach of being shot-silk. Her hat was a wonder and a mystery: a confection of (apparently) dead autumn-leaves on a furry, blue foundation. Her abundant hair was fair and fluffy; her rounded cheeks were becomingly flushed; she had the eyes of an inquisitive kitten; and such a bewitching mouth that had her talk been of market quotations it must have seemed consummately amusing.

She stormed the almost impregnable stronghold of Billy Bosworth's private office without the slightest difficulty, and, carefully ignoring the hard, wooden chair that he mechanically offered her, ensconced herself in his own roomy, padded seat of judgment.

"You are Mr. William Bosworth?" she began, laying a slim, gold-banded umbrella across his writing-table and proceeding to unbutton her white kid gloves.

"Guilty," he stammered, ruefully.

"And you are what they call a Literary and Artistic Agent?"

"They call me other things besides," he answered; "but—yes."

"Then you are precisely the person I'm looking for," she remarked. "You deal in Authors, I believe?"

"Let us say—their works."

"And artists, and lecturers, and famous folk of all kinds?" she continued.

"Yes."

"Do you—?" She hesitated, then amended her question. "Have you any use for Ideas?"

"I—yes—providing—"

"That's all right," she assured him. "You won't be able to find any flaws in mine. It—it's the sort of Idea that ought to be worth Thousands."

"But that is quite the commonest sort of idea," he murmured, uneasily.

"I perceive," said she, "that your business has made you a profound Cynic." All her important words were pronounced with a capital letter.

"A cynic is never profound," retorted Billy Bosworth.

"I want a Cynic," she remarked, with a brilliant smile, entirely disregarding his trenchant pronouncement. "Now, I am going to trust you, you know. I am going to tell you about my Idea, and then arrange with you as to our going into partnership or Something. Or that you pay me a Royalty, or a percentage, or Whatever It Is. I wouldn't do it, of course, but I am so fearsomely poverty-stricken, and I do so want a motor."

"Quite naturally."

"I have already bought the most perfect Costume, and—really—a Veil that—"

"You will pardon me, Madam," said Billy, "but if you would kindly let me know—"

"Of course." She beamed upon him, panting delicately.

"Last night I was dining with Lady Helen Twyford. You don't know her? What a privilege! And I was taken down by an undertaker's mute named Harold Farsyde."

"Mr. Harold Farsyde is one of my most—"

"Yes; isn't he? I have read all his delightful books. But to meet— Well, you know—" She spread wide her small, dainty hands, stiff with rings, in a gesture of humorous deprecation. "He is—how shall I put it?—a Complete Disillusion."

"Mr. Farsyde—"

"Yes, I know he has a soul above words. I discovered that for myself. He said hardly Three to me, anyway, all the time. And his Appearance! He does not wear his own hair. He is—almost—

Grubby! His nails—! He had the wrong sort of boots on, too; and a Made-up Tie. His beard is red and his eyes are of the colour of watered milk. His nose is Obtrusive, and he has no teeth. But all that I could condone if he had any Conversation."

"He cannot help—"

"Ah, I am not so sure of that. That is just where my Idea comes in. But do try to imagine how he affects strangers, Mr. Boswell."

"Bosworth."

"Bosworth, of course. I must think of Richard the Third, mustn't I? . . . Well, perhaps he cannot help it—yet; but, again, let me implore you to try to imagine the effect of his Weird Appearance. Never again shall I—for one—be able to linger over his poetic rhapsodies without remembering his wig. Never again shall I chuckle over his witty dialogue without thinking of his Preposterous Boots and their lack of humour. His nose will come between me and his most delicate love-passages. I shall always, in future, see his word-pictures of sylvan scenes with his watered-milk eyes. Or, rather, I should have to undergo that torture if ever I read another of his books. And, obviously, I can never do that again."

"I gather—"

"Oh, Mr. Boswell, please don't Gather. Whenever Josie—my husband, by the way—begins to Gather, I know at once, so well, that he is going to be Formal and Unpleasant or Something. And men are all exactly alike—aren't they?—just as policemen and butlers are. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Farsyde is quite Impossible, whereas—"

"But you should remember, my dear Madam—"

"Oh, no! . . . Whereas young Mr. Dicky Garden is altogether charming."

"I'm afraid I haven't the pleasure—"

"Yes, it is a pleasure, I assure you. So handsome and tall! So witty! Dances so divinely! Hands tea just—just like a seraph. Dresses like an angel, in the most perfectly fitting tweeds. In the country, of course. Rides. Shoots. Sings. Plays golf and the Banjo. But perhaps you were about to say that you don't know poor Dicky?"

"I was."

"You shall know him, though. It was to introduce him—and some other dear people—to you that I called."

"Really, I regret—"

"You see," she said, showing her dazzling teeth, "we are all so poor nowadays, aren't we? There's Jerry Harkins and little Kitty Mackney. Her Losses at Bridge—"

Billy stirred restlessly on the very uncomfortable chair to which he had been so unceremoniously condemned.

"What I thought was This," she went on, breezily. "I thought it such an Awful Pity that poor Dicky or Jerry wasn't Mr. Harold Farsyde."

"I dare say—"

"Either of them would look the Part. Jerry's Nose, for instance, would never come between me and a love-passages."

The literary agent smiled.

"His hair is his own, and so is his bow. It is only his Smart Things that are made up by other people, I suppose. But he knows how to get them off—Perfectly. And his eyes! Bright enough to see the tiniest joke. Then, his teeth being What They Are, he isn't afraid to laugh, either, like your tiresome Mr. Farsyde."

"May I request you, Madam—?"

"To come to Business? Of course. Well, what I have in my mind is a Scheme—the most perfect Scheme imaginable—for rendering people Appropriate. We might form a Company, and call it 'The Impersonators, Limited.'"

"I think I hardly follow you."

"It is quite Simple, really. My Idea is to make poets look like Poets. To give an artistic *tout ensemble* to artists. Lecturers should look profound—all forehead and eyebrows and Jaw—and not as if they were only interested in some small, suburban chandler's shop. Positively, you know, these Clever People injure their own reputations by mingling with their fellow-creatures. Your literary agents ought not to allow your authors to appear in public; they

damage their own sales. I am sure they do. And painters are always so in need of decoration themselves that you cannot possibly believe in their genius. And as for your reputed Wits, I have listened to more epigrams at a mothers' meeting in one short half-hour than ever I have heard at a fashionable gathering of Celebrities. And lecturers know Absolutely Nothing about Anything—except the price of Mutton and Children's Ailments, and even such things as these they don't know Right."

"You must have had some most unfortunate experiences."

"Not unusually unfortunate, I fancy. Other people quite agree with me. I was talking to . . . But—as you so courteously do not say—your time is Valuable, and I am by way of becoming a Nuisance. I will hurry on, then, to my Remedy. Why, Mr. Boswell, should these famous people ever appear in Public At All?"

"Why?"

"Yes. Would it not be far better for all concerned if they were to employ other people to impersonate them? There are plenty of quite nice young men who would look far more like the authors of Great Works than the real authors do. And many of them would be only too glad to earn a few guineas by wearing the Mantles of the Great at receptions and balls and dinner-parties and afternoon-teas. They would, I am sure, Stimulate sales enormously, instead of retarding them. They are witty and presentable and pleasant to look at—as Celebrities so seldom are, I find. They can write verses in your autograph-albums without requiring to take them away and lose them. They can sketch horses' heads and caricature your dearest friends on the spot. And some of them look dreadfully learned—far more so than many Professors. And they are clever too, and in a bright way. And they all know how to dress and dance and talk and flirt. Some of them can sing. They would make ideal Poets; and imagine the sensation if they sang songs of their own composing: I mean, songs that were composed by the poets they are supposed to be. And then, again, think of the saving of time to the real Personages. They could put in so many more hours at their desks or their easels, or in their laboratories or libraries, if they had not to pay calls and go to the theatre and appear in the Row, and so on."

"But I am afraid——," interjected Billy Bosworth.

"Don't be afraid," said the mere girl, soothingly. "That is, until you have heard me out, anyway. I don't see, either, why Celebrities should waste their time in granting interviews to impertinent Newspaper Men that never read in the least bit Probable, when they could get really Smart People to answer the Journalist's questions. And then their photographs in the illustrateds! Their baggy trousers and dowdy frocks. Their awful wives and children. Their back-gardens. Their dogs and horses—such mongrels and screws. Their——"

"Do I gath—understand——?"

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten that. We might run picturesque interiors too, you know, in conjunction with my Scheme. And keep a good stud and have some prize dogs——"

"And wives?"

"There are actresses."

"And children?"

"Why not? I know some most lovely children who can pose to the camera splendidly. My own little——"

"But, Madam, do you mean to say that parents would lend——?"

"One parent would, I know," she answered, briskly. "Oh, you would find it Quite Easy, I assure you. I have thought out every Detail. All that is required is a Man of Enterprise who is not afraid to put down his Money—and Experimentalise."

"You forget, Madam, that the personalities of most of our famous people are already well known to the public. One moment. How would it be possible to introduce an altogether unknown person as the author of—shall we say?—Mr. Farsyde's books, either to an hostess or the casual reader? Mr. Farsyde's portrait has appeared in——"

"And you said you were a Cynic!" she sighed.

"Pardon me," said Billy; "it was you who said that."

"Anyhow," she rejoined, "you ought to know that the memory of the Common Herd is the most short-lived thing in the world. And then there are always new men and women coming along. They, at least——"

"Another thing," interrupted Billy. "It may surprise you to learn, Madam, that no man is so great as not to like to be admired and fussed up occasionally. It is the one privilege above all others that the loftiest genius is most loth to forego. If I ventured to suggest your scheme to Mr.—but it would be invidious to mention names—if I ventured to suggest it to any one of my clients, I should infallibly lose him or—more especially—her, at once."

"But surely——?"

"I have not quite done. . . . How, for instance, could I hint to my best author that he is—not altogether handsome? How could I point out to one of my artists or poets that he was

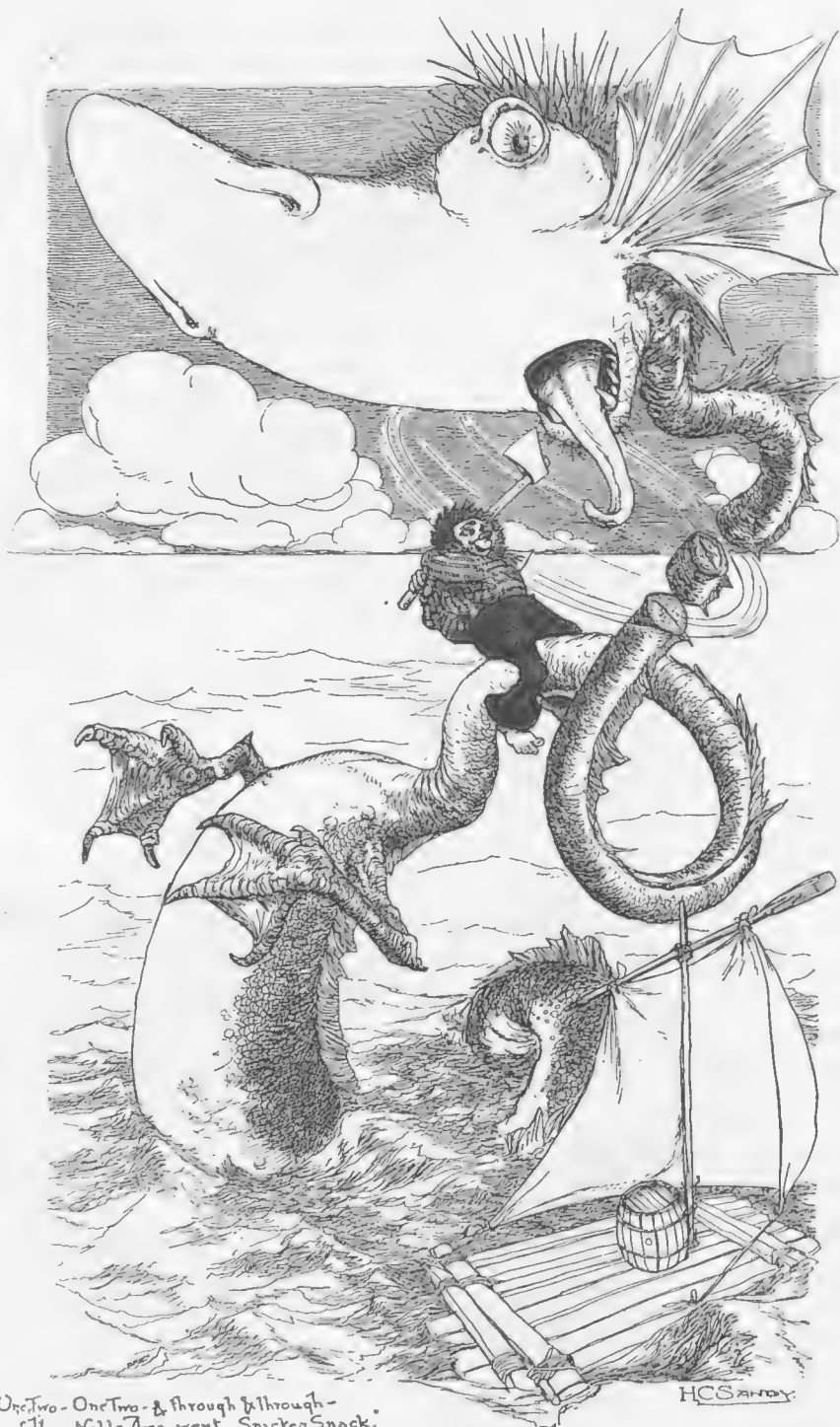
essentially not picturesque—that his wild hair resembled rather the stuffing out of a cheap sofa-cushion than ambrosial locks? It could not be done, my dear Madam. The thing is not feasible. And my brilliant wits! What, in the name of all that is improbable, would they do to me if I told them, no matter how delicately, that their funniments were not funny? And, then, my lecturers. Imagine their wrath at being compared to small, suburban shopmen!"

"I didn't think——," the lady faltered.

"And that is not the worst of it, either," proceeded Billy, ruthlessly. "How am I to advise them to change their tailor or dressmaker, their hatter or milliner, without laying myself open to the suspicion of taking commissions from tradesmen? And then, you know, these absurd people are proud of their houses and their back-gardens. They plume themselves on their knowledge of horses and dogs. And, above all, how is it conceivable that I should criticise their wives adversely, and, in the last, dread resort, their children, without provoking them to reprisals that might even be of a sanguinary sort? No, Madam. Your Idea has points, I admit; and, for some reasons, I wish that it could be put into practice. But so long as life is ordered as it is at present, even the wisest and most inspired of mankind must have their share of human nature. Show me how to eliminate human nature, and I am prepared to talk to you till the cows come home."

"I see," said the lady, sadly, reflectively. "But I thought, you know . . . They don't look Human one bit, anyway!" And she smiled.

THE END.



One Two - One Two - & through & through -  
The Noble Ape went, Snicker Snock.

THE FANTASTIC SIDE OF THINGS.

PICTURED BY H. C. SANDY.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



IS the stage, not merely of London, but practically of the world, to be dominated by the religious drama in one form or another in the near future? It would seem so. Perhaps managers are like certain animals which naturalists tell us have the capacity of scenting the rain even before the storm-clouds gather in the sky, and they have begun to appreciate the fact that, after long years of frivolity, a reaction must come which will carry taste to the opposite extreme. Only the other day our papers were criticising the production of "Salome," and were publishing interviews with Mr. Seymour Hicks with regard to a great scriptural play on the lines of the production at Ober Ammergau, which that popular actor proposes to do at his new Aldwych Theatre, subject, of course, to the permission of the Lord Chamberlain, the rule of whose office may be summed up in the phrase, "No plays founded on the Bible or introducing Bible characters may be licensed." In France, "The Song of Solomon" has recently been dramatised and acted, while in America religious drama has been one of the most profitable investments for some time, and the people of Ober Ammergau are offering the summer holiday-maker a drama on the Life of King David which is played even more seldom than their famous Passion play.

It has long been a pet theory of Sir Henry Irving and other famous actors that the mission of the theatre advances not only the cause of civilisation, but the amity of different peoples, by enabling them to study the characteristics of each other at first-hand. The *entente cordiale* cannot, therefore, fail to be increased between France and England by the movement of visiting Companies which is now going on, although, it must be confessed, it is at present a little bit one-sided, for few English Companies ever go to Paris to act, though many French ones constantly come to London. Still, the interchange of individual actors may be noted, for while Madame Simone Le Bargy is acting at the St. James's in English with Mr. George Alexander, Miss Dorothy Grimston, the clever daughter of a brilliant mother, has been playing in French with Madame Réjane at Terry's. That we have several actors who could do the same is a matter of common knowledge, though few, like Mr. Arthur Lewis, of Mr. Lewis Waller's Company, have ever ventured to act in Paris itself. There are also many French actresses who have been, and are, studying English with a view to playing in our language, among them being Madame Jane Hading and, it is said, Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, who could possibly, were she so minded, recite quite as charmingly in ours as she does in her native language.

One of those delightful little anecdotes which give zest to the life theatrical is at present going the rounds of the theatre, and it has the

supreme merit of being true, a merit not always possessed by delightful little anecdotes. It concerns Madame Simone Le Bargy and the circumstance which decided her to play in English. She was staying with some friends in London, who strongly recommended her to act in our language. Still she hesitated, because she thought her accent was not good enough. At last,

one of her hostesses proposed a supreme test. "We will go out shopping to-day," she said, "and you will ask for what we want. If you speak English as well as we assure you you do, and the man who serves us does not recognise you as being French, he will be sure to tell you that the articles come from Paris." The shopping expedition was arranged, Madame Le Bargy asked for the articles, and the man recommended them as being the newest things from Paris! That settled the matter. The result we have at the St. James's, and the applause of the theatre-going community must be sweet in the ears not only of the fascinating actress, but also of the discerning measurer of ribbons and dispenser of chiffons.

Playgoers will hardly need reminding of the exceptional fixture at His Majesty's Theatre for to-morrow afternoon to celebrate Mr. Lionel Brough's jubilee on the stage. One of the most popular members of the dramatic profession, not only with the general public but among his comrades, the *élite* of his colleagues have gracefully offered their services, and a combination of talent of an altogether exceptional nature has been secured, so that the event will be one of the most noteworthy of the season. It will be marked, too, with a red stone in the eyes of him whom his comrades are thus delighting to honour, for the King has taken a box for the performance, an act which marks at once

His Majesty's thoughtfulness and tact as well as his consideration, for it shows how, among the multitudinous affairs to which he has to give his attention, His Majesty keeps in touch with the theatre. Meantime, all readers of *The Sketch* will join in wishing the popular actor many more years of health and energy.

One of the most striking facts in connection with those who are brought into contact with Sir Henry Irving is the loyalty, the unswerving devotion, he inspires among the members of his Company. It is, for instance, an open secret, which is no secret at all in the theatrical world, that, attracted by the brilliant performances he has been giving at Drury Lane, Sir Henry has had several offers made to him for the services of Mr. Gerald Lawrence next autumn, and Mr. Lawrence has

himself had opportunities of accepting these offers. To these he has turned a deaf ear, as he is by no means desirous of severing the present relations which exist between him and "the Chief," as Sir Henry is always called, though the day must inevitably come when he must start in "on his own."



THE THEATRICAL MOTOR MEET AT MAIDENHEAD: MME. RÉJANE ON THE LAWN OF THE RIVIERA HOTEL.

At midnight on June 3 a large party of theatrical motorists met outside the Imperial Restaurant with their cars, and ran down to the Riviera Hotel at Maidenhead, where they spent Sunday.

Photograph by Bassano.



MIDNIGHT MOTORISTS AT MAIDENHEAD: A PARTY AT THE THEATRICAL MOTOR MEET.

The party on the car includes Miss Clare Rickards, Miss Hilda Harris, with Colonel Hinton and Mr. Vane, secretary to F. S. Edge, Ltd. They are on a 14 h.p. Gladiator.

Photograph by Bassano.

# KEY-NOTES

MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE is a composer very much to be reckoned with among the modern school of English musicians; his extraordinary orchestral power belongs essentially to modern times. It is always a question as to whether up-to-day feeling and up-to-day interpretation of modern sentiments will

really pass on to the future as examples of the greatest possible art. But we have a great belief in Mr. Holbrooke; his recent Variations on "The Girl I Left Behind Me" are extraordinarily brilliant, and will, in the long run, prove extremely attractive to the public at large. One says, "in the long run," because it is one of the most exceptional things in the world to find that a work of complex and great art is immediately appreciated "by the general." There is no doubt that, as time goes on, Mr. Holbrooke will be recognised as a very great and original composer, a matter which will be a very singular fact among modern English musicians. His scores seem to possess in the making all the ambition which distinguishes the writing of such an elaborate artist as Richard Strauss. One feels that this is no exaggeration, because essential melody with what

Mr. Whitehill sang very expressively and with great ability the part of St. Bris. There is no doubt whatever that "Les Huguenots" is by no means, as many a modern musician and many a modern theorist in the music would have it, practically an extinct opera. When the work is carefully produced, as the works of Wagner are invariably put upon the stage, it seems to outlive the work even of Wagner in his middle period. The cruelty under which the reputation of Meyerbeer has laboured during many a past year does, as a matter of fact, reside in this statement; despite his popularity during his own lifetime, the extreme difficulty of making the most of his very pictorial music has for long set him in the background, for which reason it is quite time that he should be once more (in his best work) presented in a fine way to the general public. The Management at Covent Garden, at all events, seems to be persuaded of these facts, for Mr. Harry Brooke has painted two new scenes for the opera, which strike one as being very impressive. It only remains to add that, in spite of Wagner and all the disciples of that very great man, this opera is exactly seventy years old.

"Lohengrin," when a really good cast is provided at Covent Garden, seems always to be a very great attraction, and the performance of that Opera given towards the end of last week was extremely creditable. We had a new Lohengrin in the person of Herr Menzinsky, who as an actor was excellent, as a thoughtful interpreter of Wagner was very interesting, but as a vocalist was not quite equal to the level of what we should have considered to be Wagner's ideal when he wrote this most beautiful part for the tenor voice. Nevertheless, Herr Menzinsky certainly gave us a very fine interpretation of the part, and it was only in connection with the points which we have already briefly raised that he clearly fell short. Miss Delsarta took the part of Elsa and sang very dramatically; but the modern school of Wagnerian singers, among whom Miss Delsarta must definitely be ranked, should be warned that Wagner, as a matter of fact, never intended that voices should be forced, or be excessively tried, in his work.

Mischa Elman made at his last Queen's Hall Concert a most astonishing, but a well-deserved, and brilliant success. Mr. Landon Ronald conducted, and, under his baton, the London Symphony Orchestra played, among other things, the Overture to "Tannhäuser" magnificently. As for Mischa Elman's playing of the violin part in Mendelssohn's Concerto, the present writer can conscientiously say that he has never heard the work played more exquisitely. One hears of the enormous sensation which Joachim when quite a boy made as a violinist; very much the same sort of thing must surely be happening in the case of this enchanting and most artistic little man. He played as one of the encores which he deigned to grant Beethoven's Romance in G, and showed thereby that not only is he a boy of brilliance, but that he possesses a wonderfully mature style.

COMMON CHORD.



THE COMPOSER OF THE NEW WALDORF PRODUCTION, "FIORELLA": MR. AMHERST WEBBER.

The opera "Fiorella" was produced on the evening of June 7. It was originally composed for M. Jean de Reszke's private theatre.

Photograph by Johnson.

Mr. Holbrooke really does combine what may be called world-wide harmonies.

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, whose extremely eclectic work has, perhaps, not been received with the popular applause in London which it deserved, although his artistic following was long ago something of the finest, has made, however, a huge success in America. For some seven months he has been working there, and we understand that he returns to that appreciative country in the first week of July. When one remembers, in old times, how chary was the praise given to Mr. Dolmetsch's unique entertainments at Bayley Street and elsewhere, it is most agreeable to note that America, which, above all the nations in the world, is supposed to be the Antipodes of anything that is what one usually calls old-fashioned, should have given so large a patronage to the work of Mr. Dolmetsch. It seems almost useless that a real artist like this gentleman, who can construct a clavichord, who can inlay wood into wood, who makes his own plucks for his own wires—by which one means that in the old instruments the quill or the pluck is used to pull the sound down in place of, as in our modern pianoforte, the hammer which strikes the wire—should find a comparatively small success in London. For such a reason it seems equally useless that he should attempt a real London season. America, then, is the Continent which seems to give this artist comfort. This is as it should be; but one understands that Mr. Dolmetsch purposes to give a tour in the provinces of England in the autumn of this year.

The revival of "Les Huguenots" at Covent Garden the other evening, given, as a rather pedantic matter of fact, under its Italian title of "Gli Ugonotti," was a very great success. Probably never before in London has Caruso been heard to such tremendous advantage as he was heard on this occasion. It was simply amazing to note how, as the music rose higher and higher in the fourth Act, his beautiful tenor voice not only made an enormous success in what the Italians call his *attacco*, but he also succeeded in producing a vocal tone of simply splendid quality. The theatre, to become descriptive in this account, seemed to grow more and more quiet as this extraordinary tenor made more and more of his vocal expression. With such words one may easily leave so great a singer as this. He was supported by Mlle. Destinn in the part of Valentine, Mlle. Selma-Kurz in that of Marguerite de Valois, Scotti in that of De Nevers, while



THE POETRY OF THE DANCE AT THE PALACE: LA TORTAJADA.

La Tortajada, who is paying her third visit to the Palace Theatre, has lost none of her charm; in fact, her dancing is, if anything, more finished and her movements more supple than ever. Since her last visit to England she has enjoyed a very exceptional distinction for a member of her profession, of being blessed by the Pope.

Photograph by Anthony.





PROGRESS OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURES—MOTORS IN THE HOUSE—THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS—THE TOO ZEALOUS CONSTABLE—  
DUST IN THE CARBURETTER—LORD RUSSELL'S PLAIN WORDS TO "J.P.'S"—A MARE'S NEST.

SLOWLY but surely everything of English manufacture appertaining to automobilism is getting abreast of the foreign productions, which have been vaunted over English productions for quality *ad nauseam* by interested parties. In this too tardy but none the less welcome progress, English-made motor-tyres have borne the palm, particularly the products of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co. This appreciation is no fulsome puff, but will be appreciated and approved by all users of Dunlop pneumatic motor-tyres



A FAIR MOTORIST FROM STAGELAND: MISS MADGE LESSING ON HER CAR.

Photograph by Bassano.

during the past two years at least. As a proof of their staunchness and quality, I should like to quote the testimony of the Hon. C. S. Rolls, who used them on the racing Wolseley he drove into second place in the late Isle of Man trial. At the conclusion of that severe test, Mr. Rolls, who knows what racing pneumatic tyres should be, wired the makers: "My Dunlop tyres ran splendidly throughout—Trying race, never touched them." The third man, little Bianchi, who croppered with Jarrott in the Irish Gordon-Bennett, and who with his Wolseley was classed third, wired—"Glad to say I had no trouble with my Dunlop tyres, either in practice or in race yesterday."

There is no doubt that in Parliament—at least, in the House of Commons—automobilism wants a strong man. The rabid and senseless attacks of certain enthusiasts require to be rebutted across the floor of the House. The Hon. John Scott Montagu and Mr. Stanley, the Chairman of the Club, mean and do well enough; but a little more plain speaking as to the ignorant, selfish, and envious prejudice that prompts these attacks would be of benefit. The obvious enmity of the Shire-horse breeder might be profitably emphasised.

On Friday (oh, inauspicious day!) next will be decided the French Eliminating Trials over the Circuit d'Auvergne, and before *The Sketch* reissues it will be known for certain whether or no the great race itself will be prohibited by the French Government. Such an issue will have no surprise for many who have kept a watchful eye upon the course of this matter. How the French Club ever came to adopt or go so far as to sanction such a course is admittedly beyond the comprehension of every man I know who has driven even a touring-car round the selected course. If, most regrettably, fatalities occur in Friday's contest, it is a foregone conclusion that the French Government will prohibit the holding of the race itself. If so, it will mean no loss to us, for, even with the six-cylinder Napier thrown in, I question whether the most daring of our *équipe* have a dog's chance. How can they have, when they have been denied any opportunity of learning this most difficult and dangerous track at the wheel of a really fast car? Our men will thereby be saved the peril and the cost, and all concerned will feel relieved.

The utter lack of discrimination on the part of the police set on by prejudiced county people to harry motorists all and sundry will drive hundreds of automobilists out of this country this summer. Who will contemplate a motoring tour in these islands when they feel that every driving-hour of every day they stand the chance of being held

up in lonely parts of the country by promotion-seeking constables? No automobilist would object to traps being laid even in places where anything like speed was really dangerous, but this is not done. The intelligent officer leaves his village streets unguarded, to set despicable traps on lonely and unfrequented roads.

Several failures in the late most excellently engineered Scottish Reliability Trials were due to dust in the carburetter. The marvel, to my mind, is that there were not five times as many stoppages from this cause. When cars are driven one behind another for hour after hour in clouds of dust, and it is borne in mind that the majority of such cars are fitted with the popular form of honeycomb radiator, through which a draught is induced by a many-bladed fan revolving at very high speed, it is only remarkable that everything is not choked by dust. The road-grit suspended in the air is just drawn in through the tubes, and at once hurled back upon the engine by the aforesaid fan. And yet it would be the simplest matter to fit a properly shaped funnel form of baffle-plate behind this fan, against which the dust-laden air-current would impinge, and by which it would be conducted into the air below the level of the crank-chamber. And yet few, if any, car-builders make so common-sense a provision against dust-choke.

Certain terms of a letter written by that ardent motorist, Earl Russell, to the *Automobile Club Journal* should be manifolded by the thousand and thrust under the nose of every "J.P." who sits upon the Bench in judgment upon motor cases. Commenting upon certain notorious cases at Andover, Lord Russell says: "The oath taken by a magistrate (I quote from memory) is 'to do justice indifferently, without fear or favour, prejudice or ill-will.' Can it be honestly said that the majority of the magistrates who try motoring cases observe the terms of this oath? In a recent batch of summonses at Chichester, I notice that the same fine of £10 was inflicted on all the motorists in very varying circumstances. The Bench was presided over by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and I cannot believe that they applied their minds judiciously to the facts of each case, and came to the conclusion that they were of an exactly equal gravity. Yet no less than this would satisfy the terms of their oath."

The sensational account given lately by the *Daily Mail*, of a man in South Wales being run down by a motorist and left senseless on the road, has been carefully inquired into by the Hon. Secretary of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Automobile Club, and



FOR A ROYAL MOTORIST: PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S LANDAUETTE.

This superb landauette, which has been built for the Princess Christian, is a 24 h.p. Thornycroft. It is constructed to seat six persons.

Photograph by Bassano.

found to be quite erroneous. The accident to the man was not caused by a motor, and of this the police of the district have said they are assured. Although a correction was sent to the *Daily Mail* by the local correspondent of the Motor Union, no notice was taken of it, and the original untruth was not corrected. Bearing in mind the fact that the regrettable Markyate accident was caused by a car belonging to Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth and that that accident is at the root of the present wave of motorphobia, the neglect to correct the error is unpardonable.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

ASCOT—MANCHESTER CUP—THE ECLIPSE STAKES—ACCIDENTS.

ACCORDING to all accounts, the Ascot Meeting this year will be one of the most fashionable reunions held on the Royal Heath for many years. The King and Queen will attend in State on the Tuesday and Thursday, and, before I forget it, I must tell the ladies that the best point to see the show is from the top of the Grand Stand nearest to the Royal Enclosure. It is possible at this altitude to witness the Royal Family being received by the Lord Chamberlain. His Majesty and the Prince will attend the meeting on all four days, and I am told the King is very likely to win the Gold Vase on the opening afternoon by the aid of Chatsworth, who will be well suited by the course. Pretty Polly is now booked a certainty for the Gold Cup. Indeed, I do not see what is to beat her. Merry Andrew is talked about for the Ascot Stakes, and Cicero is certain to beat Cherry Lass, if the pair meet in the Rous Memorial. According to the street-corner man, Grey Plume could not well lose the Royal Hunt Cup. I have

The Eclipse Stakes, distance a mile and a quarter, will be run at Sandown Park on July 21, and the race this year will be exciting if the cracks go to the post. According to present arrangements, M. Blanc will run Adam in preference to Jardy, and it is said the first-named is the best colt in the stable. He has, by-the-bye, been coughing, but is all right again. Cicero has to give Adam 6 lb., and this should take some doing. A likely candidate is Signorino, who receives 10 lb. from the Derby winner. Chevalier Ginistrelli's colt could be made pounds better than he was at Epsom, and he should go very close. Llangibby has to be reckoned with; so has St. Amant, if he is all right again. Some of the clever men are going out for John o' Gaunt, but this horse is surrounded with doubt. He may break down at any moment, as he has always been a most difficult horse to train. At the same time, I, for one, should like to see him carry Mr. George Thursby to victory, to make up for past disappointments. His owner, Sir John Thursby,



SWIFT PHOTOGRAPHY: JUMPING HORSE OF THE 14TH HUSSARS, TAKEN IN  $\frac{1}{800}$ TH OF A SECOND.

The horse is one of a team that appeared at the Military Tournament. The animals were trained by Lieutenant and Riding-Master P. Thwaitz, of the 14th Hussars. This photograph by Messrs. Lambert Weston is a particularly rapid exposure, having been taken in  $\frac{1}{800}$ th of a second, as it is very difficult not to blur the image of a jumping horse. The feat of clearing the breakfast-table is a favourite diversion at the French cavalry school at Saumur.

heard similar rumours about big races before. They do not always come off, though sometimes the sharps' tips are worth following. Truly the prospects of a good meeting at Ascot are of the best.

The Whitsuntide meeting at Manchester is always a large draw, as it is a general holiday in the City, and the children's processions that take place through the streets during the Whitsun week are very attractive to sightseers. The racing at Castle Irwell will not be very exciting, although I expect to see a good contest for the Manchester Cup. The uninitiated would hardly believe that the race is worth 3,000 sovs. The distance of the race is one mile and a half, and it should attract a fairly representative field, although Ascot being so near will keep some of the best handicappers away. Long Tom, despite a 7-lb. penalty, will go very close, as he is a really good horse. Roe O'Neill has been under a cloud, and is best left alone unless he is seen at the post fit and well. Thunderbolt is a genuine candidate, and the same can be said of Imari, who has been purchased from Mr. Willie Low by Lord Brackley. I learn, by-the-bye, that Mr. Low, who is far from well, is giving up racing. He formerly trained at Kingsclere, being introduced into the stable by the late Duke of Westminster. I think Imari stands a good chance at Manchester, unless a move is made for Torpoint, in which case I should recommend the latter to beat all comers. It will be remembered that Torpoint met with a slight accident at Epsom, and could not run for the City and Suburban.

is a good sportsman. He does not hesitate to bid when a good horse is on offer, but up to now he has not been over-fortunate with his larger-priced purchases. If the Eclipse Stakes goes to Kingsclere, it will be by the aid of Pamflete, as, in my opinion, Darley Dale is far too unreliable for this course. The race is very likely to provoke plenty of speculation.

The fatal accident that occurred at Epsom to the apprentice jockey, Evans, followed by the fall of Griggs, whereby the latter fractured his collar-bone, draws attention to the risks our riders run. The Jockey Club should insist on a doctor's being present at all race-meetings, equipped with the necessary bandages and paraphernalia to deal quickly with serious accidents. For many years, Dr. McDougall, a well-known sportsman, rendered first-aid to jockeys meeting with accidents on our racecourses, while at the present time Dr. Taylor is often to be seen giving his valuable services at the home meetings. Dr. Taylor, like Sir Frederick Treves, is an old Dorchester man. He is highly popular with the jockeys. Doctor Tom Robinson, a brother to the official judge to the Jockey Club, is often consulted by the jockeys, among whom he has worked some marvellous cures. It is only fair, by-the-bye, to add that at many of the Park meetings there are hospitals with nurses and doctors in attendance on race-days. The hospital in the paddock at Kempton is large enough to receive a dozen patients, and it is equipped with all the medical appliances.

CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THIS is a life of contrasts, and the philosopher takes it as it comes—the sweet with the bitter, but the bitter-sweet always.

Last week one had a couple of striking extremes in experience: one day in town, with a luncheon at Prince's, four kettledrums, the Opera, an unconsidered trifle of dinner sandwiched in between, and a ball, gorgeous at all points, to follow—what, in fact, is called a real Season-day by ecstatic débutantes. The next one—spent in God's green country, and a contrast indeed; one to

pale-coloured suède in blue, pink, and creamy tones is made up in various flat shapes, while the motor fringe, warranted not to get out of curl or blow away with the wind no matter the pace, is another valued accessory.

The kind and thoughtful weather-prophets promise us a rainy June, which is discouraging from the dressmaker's point of view, however pleasant for the agriculturists. Should we escape the wrath to come, however, some unusually charming effects now in preparation will enliven Ascot with their aspect. The favourite material is *broderie Anglaise*, outlined with narrow Valenciennes "frilled on." Painted chiffons, sprigged muslins, lace gowns, made *en Princesse*—one is dazzled by the stored-up splendours at every dressmaker's, only awaiting sympathetic weather to take wing, like the butterflies, and spread in a similarly gay, admired, and inconsequent flight.

*Broderie Anglaise* as a factor in frocks becomes increasingly important and popular as summer advances. Our artist has sketched a charming example of this lately revived fashion in an Ascot gown by Peter Robinson, Regent Street, which emphasises the fact that the highest expression of Fashion is to be found at this world-popular "emporium." Made of white silk, with insertions of Valenciennes and skilful touches of transparent black in front, this gown is noticeably elegant amongst a hundred others. A dainty hat of black knife-pleated lace crowns the costume, lifted up with a great pink rose under the brim.

A last cry in millinery at the Maison Lewis is shown in another drawing. This famous firm has reintroduced the scarf-ends at the back of hats to Paris, where they are now seen in the exclusively best models. The hat in question is white straw; a light scarf of



[Copyright.]

A BEAUTIFUL HAT AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

give thanks for, by comparison—the morning being one that was blue up in the sky, and out of it a gracious blaze of sunshine, yellow-green foliage trimming the rejuvenated oaks standing sentinel about the house; down in the marsh-meadow kingcups making a cloth-of-gold field of their own; little clearings in the woods splashed with the violet haze of bluebells in the grass; while dew-wet mosses emitted their delicious earth-fragrance, and the life of woods and fallows stole in witchery over one's senses with a music that no ball-room waltz attains, be the partner never so beguiling. Then the birds!—their tuneful gossip beginning with early wakening morn, to linger on with musical intermittence till twilight. What a blessed exchange, all this, for the thunders of the omnibus, the shrill call of the cab-whistle, the endless tramp of hurrying humanity on the pavement! In winter, town for the non-sporting contingent has its alleviations I'll admit, but as a perennial institution the country in spring and summer is decidedly the thing. People began to realise this with the introduction of bicycles, but it has taken the motor to complete the conquest, with the inevitable consequence that town houses are at a decided discount, while huts and cottages, be they never so antiquated and dilapidated, are now the desired of all men, provided they possess the necessary garden and possibilities of improvement.

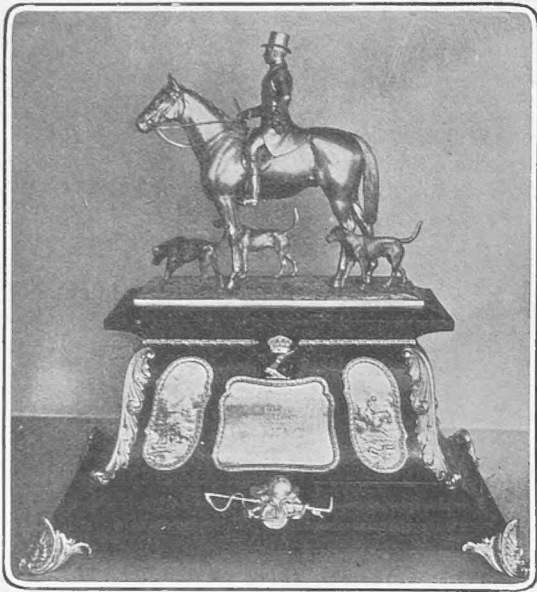
Talking of motors, the farmers, whose cherished and particular prerogative is grumbling, are already looking on the automobile as a deadly and desolating enemy, because it does not consume the roots, corn, or hay which they spend half their lives in growing. "Where will be the demand for fodder," they angrily ask, "when horses disappear?" And Echo only answers with her usual elusive "Where?" *En revanche*, the innkeepers rejoice, and cast up long reckonings for luncheons, teas, and dinners, which are liquidated by the rapidly revolving British public. It is the old story of the survival of the fittest, in fact, and for the moment the motorist holds the stage. Apropos, waterproofed white silk and tussore are the accepted and superior materials for summer motor-journeys. Being cool and warm at the same time, dust and rainproof, smart and serviceable, the white or tussore silk coats and costumes oust all other materials, and come over here with the *chic* that Paris confers on all its creations. The new motor-hats become increasingly smart;



[Copyright.]

ONE OF THE NEW GOWNS FOR ASCOT AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET.





THE SILVER TROPHY PRESENTED TO THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM JOHN LYDSTON, SEVENTH EARL POULETT,

BY THE TENANTS OF THE HINTON ST. GEORGE ESTATES ON THE OCCASION OF HIS ATTAINING HIS MAJORITY.

The trophy was designed and executed by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 125, Fenchurch Street, E.C., and 188, Oxford Street, W.

exquisitely fine brown lace is fixed in front with a steel buckle. Large carnations lift the brim behind, and both in form and colour this chapeau strikes the note of elegance which is noticeable in all creations of this widely famous firm.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

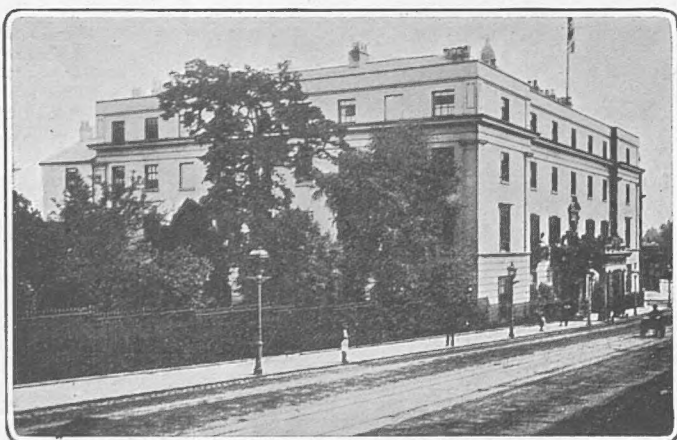
NELL (Dresden).—You might send over measurements with your sketch. Peter Robinson would carry it out. SYBIL.

The King's Royal Warrant of appointment as salt purveyors to His Majesty has been granted to the proprietors of Cerebos Salt, who hold similar appointments from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.M. the King of Portugal.

A silver-gilt cup and cover, adapted from a remarkable example of English work dated 1579, in the collection of the Duke of Rutland, has recently been presented to Mr. F. R. Benson. It is a unique example of the goldsmith's work, and is now on view at Messrs. Watherston and Sons', 6, Vigo Street, W.

The Leeds Fire Clay Company, Limited, an association of several old-established firms, have just opened new show-rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand. The Company's manufactures are everywhere in demand, and have been supplied to Windsor Castle and also to the London County Council for use in their new workmen's dwellings.

The Regent Hotel, Leamington, familiar to three generations of patrons of Leamington Spa, has been entirely rebuilt and reorganised on the most modern lines, and was reopened on June 3. The new building includes a magnificent dining-room, which is arranged with



AFTER RECONSTRUCTION: THE REGENT HOTEL, LEAMINGTON.

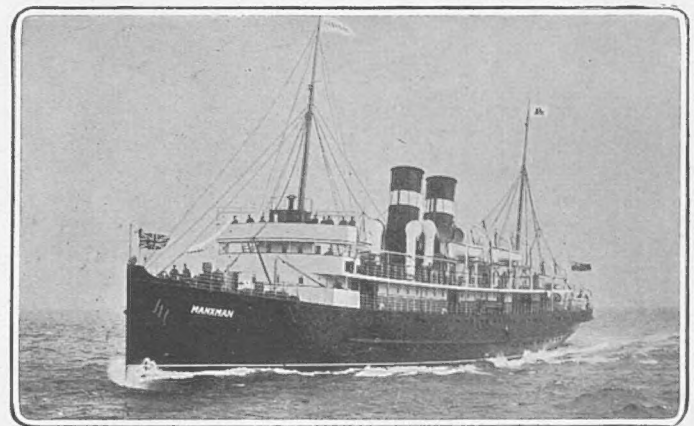
Photograph by Graham.

a floor set on resilient springs, so that it can easily be used as a ball-room. Everything, indeed, has been done to secure the comfort and convenience of visitors. To the attractions of the new hotel a motor garage will shortly be added. The cuisine is most *recherchée*.

## THE CITY OF THE PAGEANT.

FOR the moment, the eyes of England—it might not inaptly be said, the eyes of the Empire—are turned towards Sherborne, which is celebrating the twelve-hundredth anniversary of its foundation, for there is an unquestionable pride in going backwards through the long centuries and linking in thought the days of Edward VII. with those of King Alfred and of his ancestors for three preceding generations. In this celebration, however, it is hardly a King who fills the principal place in the pageant of the imagination, though Sherborne has its Royal associations, for Alfred the Great undoubtedly lived there when his brothers made their headquarters at Winchester, which was devastated by the Danes, and both of them, Ethelbald and Ethelbert, are buried within its walls. Precedence is taken by St. Ealdhelm, who stands *in loco parentis* to the town of the bright brook, as it used to be called, from the pellucid Yeo or Ivel, which flows through the valley. All that Sherborne was, if not all that it is and has been, it owes to him who received the insignia of his office from the hands of King Ine, and founded his see, which gave its name to a line of six-and-twenty succeeding prelates during a period of three centuries and three-quarters—until, in fact, Bishop Herman removed the see to Old Sarum in 1078. Even then the ecclesiastical dignity did not depart from the town, for the Castle continued as an episcopal residence until it fell into the hands of the Crown after it had sustained a siege during the reign of Stephen.

Sherborne may well be proud of its Saint, the pupil of the Irish missionary, Maidulph, or Maldulph, who early in the seventh century planted a hermitage under the shelter of the fortress of what then was the town of Ingelburne, but from him derived its modern



STEAMING 23 KNOTS AN HOUR: THE NEW TURBINE STEAMER "MANXMAN."

The Midland Railway have recently had built for their cross-channel service between Heysham and Belfast and the Isle of Man four large steamers, two of which, the *Antrim* and the *Donegal*, are twin-screw steamers, whilst the other two, the *Londonderry* and the *Manxman*, are propelled by turbines. The vessels are the fastest afloat, being easily capable of attaining a speed of between 22 and 23 knots an hour, and are provided with every modern convenience for day and night services.

Photograph by Vickers.

name of Malmesbury, for Ealdhelm is one of the greatest names in the early ecclesiastical history of England. He studied in the schools of Hadrian the African and Theodore of Tarsus, Archbishop of Canterbury, with such effect that he became the first Anglo-Saxon who was able to write in Latin. His style was so clear, his language so inspired, that he acquired even a Continental reputation, an extraordinary thing for those days, when England was separated by the sea from the mainland, rather than joined by it, as is now the case.

The modern lack of religious fervour which is constantly being noted by our clergy was a sore point even twelve centuries ago. Noticing that the people would not go to church, Ealdhelm resolved to go to them. He had a great gift of song as well as of extemporising. He used, therefore, to take his stand on a bridge and improvise for the benefit of the passers-by. When a sufficient crowd had gathered, he would skilfully introduce religious themes into his verse, and in that way he succeeded in influencing his flock. His life was spared for only four years after he founded Sherborne, for he died in 709. In such great esteem, however, was his memory held that William the Conqueror instituted a feast of four days in his honour, and it was observed for over five hundred years.

In the scene of the modern Pageant, an imposing background is formed by the Castle, which, though now an ivy-clad ruin, was for some hundreds of years from the eighth century the principal residence of the Bishops, and was confirmed to the See of Sarum by William the First. Among its interesting associations are included the facts that it once belonged to Sir Walter Raleigh, from whose son, James I. took it to give to the Earl of Somerset, while in the Great Rebellion it was one of the first attacked by the Parliamentary forces and one of the last to hold out for the King. In more modern times, Sherborne is remembered as the place to which Macready retired after he left the stage, and some of the most interesting letters he received from Charles Dickens were addressed to him there.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on June 27.*

## HOLIDAY MARKETS.

IT is clear that the year of grace 1905 is not fated to be one of those quiet and uneventful periods during which the world pursues the even tenor of its ways without interruption or disturbance. No sooner do we clear away the bugbear of the Baltic Fleet, than we find plenty of unpleasant contingencies at our own doorsteps, in the shape of German interference in Morocco,



FAZENDA DUMONT: COFFEE-TREES IN BEARING.

and a self-evident intent on the part of the Kaiser to indulge in a policy of pin-pricks towards France no less than towards this country. If we could get the Eastern War out of the way, and the European outlook were, for the time being, clear, a general revival might be expected, but it does not look as if these desirable things were within the bounds of practical politics just now. Add to the near and distant troubles, the Whitsuntide holidays, and a general disinclination to enter upon new business until we are safely over the Midsummer quarter, and, as may well be anticipated, stagnation is the order of the day in the Stock Markets.

## THE NEW POSITION OF THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

A fortnight ago I devoted a long paragraph to the Liverpool Nitrate Company, the most remunerative of all such concerns. Before passing from the subject altogether, I think it must be to the interest of the readers of *The Sketch* to have their attention drawn to an important change which has taken place in this industry, which is not yet sufficiently appreciated by the general public.

Twenty years ago, in the days of the "Nitrate King," nitrate concerns were the subject of an excessive and unwholesome speculation, being the favourite sport of punters and financial plungers. All this is now changed. The industry has, fortunately, cut itself adrift from such abominations, and settled down into a steady-going commercial enterprise.

Authorities whose business it has been to watch the various Companies for years declare it to be now possible to pick out concerns which will yield steady and continuous dividends for years to come. Market prices of nitrate of soda confirm this anticipation. For 1903 the price of nitrate of soda was 9s. 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., for 1904 it was 10s. 3d., for 1905 it is 11s. 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d. There has been no "forcing up" of prices. They have simply risen because new users of nitrates have been found. The present writer heard Colonel North declare at a private dinner-party that, if ever the United States took to using nitrate, "the fortune of the Companies was made," and this is exactly what has happened. The States need it for their no longer virgin soil, and it does not seem improbable that in a few years America may take all the nitrate that can be supplied, and even in the course of the present year an entirely new buyer has appeared—Egypt making considerable purchases.

Under these changed circumstances English investors may profitably place a portion of their capital in the best-managed Companies. I hold no brief for any of them, but have pointed out that careful investigation places the "Liverpool Nitrate Company" in a foremost position, and, as it is always judicious to spread risks, I may name the "Lagunas Syndicate" as possessing a life of over twenty-five years and paying well; the "Salar del Carmen" as enjoying a singularly strong financial position. The Chairman's speech at the recent meeting lies before me, and shows that, after paying 20s. a share for 1904, the Company is in the possession of £100,000 liquid assets, and has a Reserve Fund of £60,000 in solid gilt-edged securities, with which it will purchase new grounds, so increasing its life by twelve or thirteen years. The shares are about £10, so that the yield is quite 10 per cent., and probably an even larger distribution will be made for the current year. I leave readers to make their own inquiries, but believe I have named three Companies which it will be hard to beat, and which I greatly prefer to the Mines in which so many people place their savings.

The only danger I know of is lest the Combination be not renewed; but, like the Anglo-Japanese alliance, I am confident it will be renewed. Mr. Morrison, the Chairman of the Salar del Carmen, in dealing with this matter, recently showed that the Chilean Government derives four millions sterling per annum from the duty on nitrate of soda. The Chileans are not fools, and, satisfied with their shrewdness, I am confident they will not let this arrangement fall to the ground; so that on all these grounds I am convinced my readers may, with profit to themselves, support the Chilean Nitrate industry under its new and improved conditions. Q.

## TEA AND COFFEE.

Such a dead-set has recently been made at Refreshment shares that some reaction should shortly be due. Speculatively speaking, Lyons will most likely improve, because certain people sold heavy bears before the meeting, and are still short of a lot of shares, the effect of the "Fry" circular being very short-lived. But those who have followed these columns with any attention will remember how

some time ago we ventured to doubt whether Lyons were worth anything like their then price of nearly 7. Those who sold have now a good opportunity for making money by repurchase; but after a week or so of firm prices, we should not be at all surprised to see a further sagging away. The determined attack recently made upon Aërated Bread shares would not have been so effectual but for the uneasy feeling that exists with regard to Refreshment shares. Slaters weakened in sympathy with their two heavier brethren, but our information goes to show that the Company is doing as well as ever. British Tea Tables should be avoided until it is seen how matters are going to develop in the present year.

The Dumont Coffee Company, some illustrations of whose estates we are able to produce, owns the largest coffee-producing property in the world, extending to about sixty-eight square miles. There are nearly four and a-half million coffee-bearing trees on the 13,250 acres under cultivation, the average life of a tree being forty years. In producing an average of something like 100,000 cwt. of coffee per annum, the Company gives employment to 7,000 people, mostly Italians, although the administrators under the manager are all British. Close to the manager's fine house is the cottage where Santos-Dumont, the famous aeronaut, was born, his father having been the original proprietor of the Dumont Coffee Estate.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Holidays will be my undoing: I'm sure they will," and The Jobber sighed profoundly.

"For why?"

"Don't be so Scotch. It makes me thirsty. A three days' holiday takes me a week to get over."

"You are not singular in that respect," observed The Engineer (who must not be confounded with the bad copy of him, now masquerading in the pages of a technical paper). "I feel the reverse of active myself," and he gave a prodigious yawn.

"Speaking personally," said The Broker, lazily stretching his arms, "I never felt more energetic."

"Hope you may find appropriate outlets for your zeal," The City Editor ironically added.

"Business must be improving," smiled The Banker.

"It can't do that until the war really ends," The Merchant contributed.

"And when it does—?"

"A sudden little boom all round, led by Consols and Japanese," The Broker stated.

"And after that the dark," quoth The Jobber, as he glanced at the American prices.

"There will be nothing doing in Yankees till the autumn," declared The City Editor.

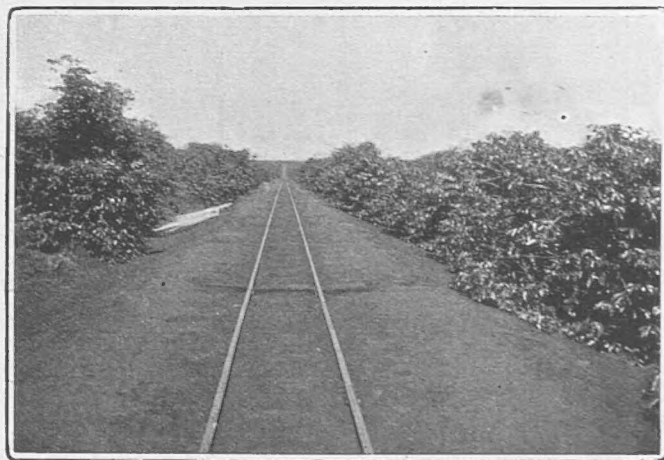
"Then you ought to sell a bear, of course," replied The Jobber. "When there's no trade, prices go down."

"That is correct," testified The Banker. "A fairly long experience teaches me that there is no truer Stock Exchange axiom."

"The big houses hold that the war is stopping a Kaffir rise," The City Editor put in. "I was talking in one the other day—"

"Sure it wasn't a public-house?" insinuated The Jobber, who declined to be withered by the answering glance.

"And one of the partners said, if it weren't for the war, Kaffirs



DUMONT RAILWAY FOR BRINGING IN COFFEE.

would be certain to respond to the increasing prosperity of the gold industry."

"I seem to have seen that sentiment in some rag quite lately," observed The Jobber. "Wonder where it was?"

"He's only wild because you run down the Yankee Market," The Broker explained to The City Editor. "Best thing to do is to take no notice of his little funniments."

"I've half a fancy that Kaffirs aren't far from buying point," hazarded The Merchant. "Only we have thought the same thing so often before that one is afraid to act upon it."

"I don't like the way these outcrops are becoming impoverished at depth," complained The City Editor. "It's no good sign for the Deep Levels, to my way of thinking."



"But would all the money have been sunk in Chinese labour and tube-mills and other reforms, if the magnates did not intend to make the market good sooner or later?"

"There you touch one of the strongest bull points," said The Broker. "Put that argument with the increasing output, and then all the talk of mine deterioration, failure of Kaffir labour, and so forth, becomes simply irresponsible."

"You weren't always so bullish, my Brokie," The Jobber reminded him.

"I don't know that I am particularly optimistic even now. Once get the war out of the way, though, and I believe we shall see a better market in Kaffirs."

"What sort?" demanded The City Editor, ever alert for tips.

"Not the outcrops. Not, perhaps, the better-proved Deep Levels. But the deeper Deeps, Land and Finance concerns like Anglo-French, Randfontein, Johnnies, and Barneys, or even Transvaal Consolidated Lands. After all, the market will move more or less together, I suppose."

"The moral of all which, is that we must still be prepared to wait, eh?"

"For a while, yes. Prices may easily go lower yet before the turn comes."

The City Editor asked what stocks he was referring to.

"Oh, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, and gilt-edged bonds of that description," was the reply.

The Banker said his Paris agents wrote as though some definite schemes were actually on the carpet in regard to the settlement of certain of the debts.

"We've heard of South American and Central American schemes before," said The Engineer, suspiciously. "And some Presidents are up to all the dodges for feathering their nests during the short while they are in power."

"Charitable views some folks take," commented The Merchant. "I have just had a red-hot tip to buy Guatemalas for a five-point rise. It comes from Paris, too."

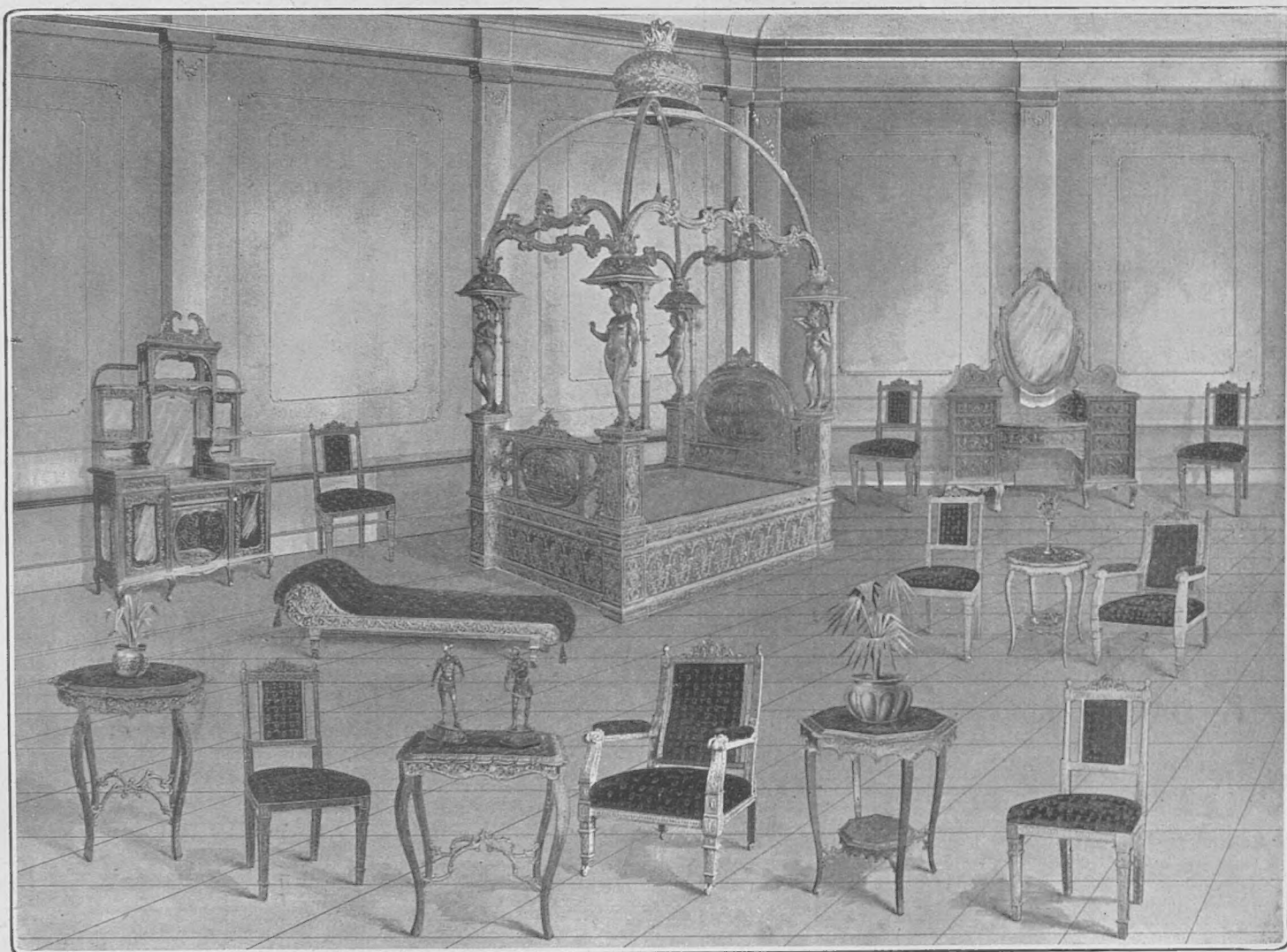
"How many?" asked The Broker, with a business-like air.

"No, you don't," returned his client, shaking his head. "Altho— Well, buy me a couple, just for the sport of the thing. I haven't much running."

"They mostly *walk* nowadays," The Engineer declared, gloomily.

"Except in the American Market," said The Jobber, gaily; "you can always get a run for your money there."

"That's one of the half-truths which are so dangerous," said The



EXTRAORDINARY SILVER FURNITURE FOR AN EASTERN PALACE.

The furniture here illustrated is entirely in silver upholstered with silk brocade. The suite contains twelve chairs, two couches, four tables, one large cabinet, and one dressing-table modelled and chased in the Louis style. Besides these, this magnificent suite contains a silver bedstead ornamented with allegorical panels after the late Albert Moore's pictures "Somnus" and "Dancing Nymphs." At the four corners are four figures symbolising the Seasons, which have been designed by Mr. Bernic Rhind, the Scottish Academician. The work was entirely carried out at Messrs. Mappin and Webb's factory, The Royal Works, Sheffield, and portions of the suite have been on view recently at their London Show Rooms at Oxford Street, W., Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Regent Street, W.

"Consoling to us stale bulls, isn't he?" and The Merchant turned to The Banker, with a laugh.

The old gentleman denied the soft impeachment. "I hold no Kaffir shares," he added.

"Lucky man!" cried The Jobber. "I still have some of mine, though I have left the market. I'm going to sit on them a bit longer, anyhow."

"What a jump Manila Railway Debentures have just had!" exclaimed The Engineer, as though he had made a discovery.

"The shares will be the next things to move," returned The Broker. "They are a gamble, sure enough, but a very good one."

"I've got no money," answered The Engineer to the unspoken challenge. "Believe you are not far out, all the same."

"You can carry them over, I suppose," The Jobber assumed.

"Don't like carrying-over. It's an expensive and a wearying job. You hang on until you get absolutely sick of shelling out differences at every settlement, and finally you cut your loss, probably at the bottom price, out of sheer disgust."

"*Experientia docet*, doesn't it?" and The Jobber looked quite pleased. "By the way, when is this Central American boom going to fizzle out?"

Broker, as the train stopped at his station. "The true form of the statement is that *you* get the run, and the other fellow gets the money. Isn't that so?" and the silence which ensued was not entirely due to his departure.

Friday, June 9, 1905.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

E. O. V.—(1) It is impossible to enter at length into the fact stated by you, or to say if you have been overcharged. The stamp-duties alone would come to 10s. per cent. (2) River Plate Gas Ordinary shares or Liverpool Nitrate shares might suit.

AJAX.—All cheap shares are, of course, more or less of a gamble, and if you want to double or treble your money, you must risk its total loss.

ANXIOUS.—The Company is limited, and you are only liable for the nominal value of the shares.

NOTE.—In consequence of the Whitsuntide holidays, we are obliged to go to press early, and must ask the kind forbearance of correspondents whose letters remain unanswered.